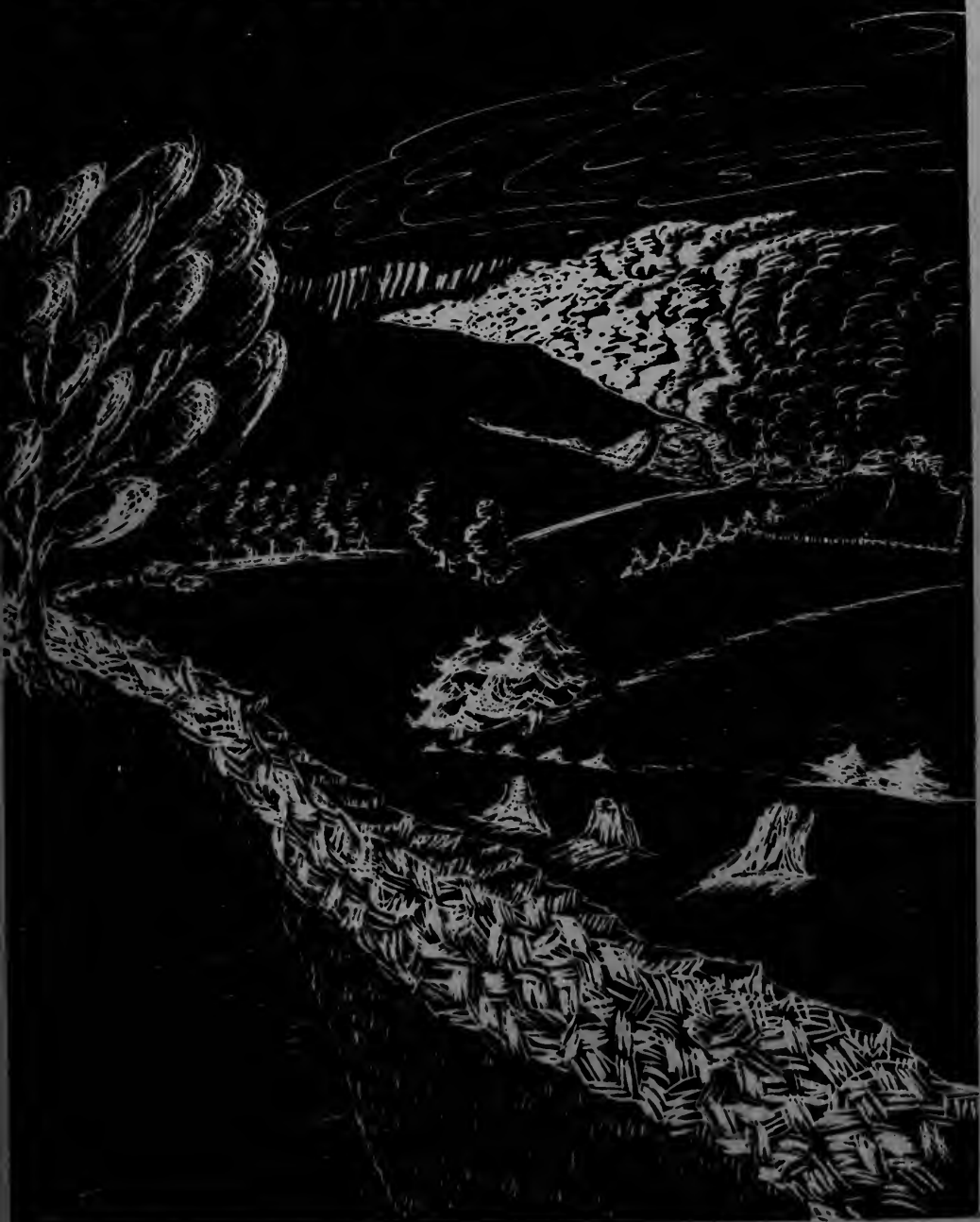


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LORIA



Loria



Fall

1944

St. Joseph's College for Women

93059





DEDICATION

To the members of Saint Joseph's
Alumnae, who are now far afield,
directing their efforts in the ser-
vice of their country, and working
in the interests of a just and lasting
peace — we sincerely dedicate
this issue of Loria.



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THE LAST WORD

. . . Nancy Cook

DEADLOCKED. AS WALT WATCHED GLUMLY, JOSH AND HATTIE STOOD LIKE two weather-grayed clothes-poles glaring at each other in the warm spring sun. With a non-committal shrug, he turned from them to the well, fallen into creaking disuse. At his tap, a whirl of dry-rot dust flew up.

"Mis' Hattie, you'll have to pull this thing down to the ground an' build up from the foundation, if y' want any kind of a lasting job."

Josh gave vent to strange guttural, but Hattie overrode him firmly.

"You count up everything you need, Walt. I'll get it for you soon's I talk some sense into Josh here."

"Yes'm."

With a splutter, Josh re-asserted himself.

"No, ma'm. Don't you touch that well, Walt Whipple. I'm telling you, Hattie Perkins, once and for all, I'm not going to pay any fancy price for these old oaken bucket ideas of yours. Y' got a good looking garden here and it don't need any quaint summer-arty thingamabobs in it. Quaint, pah!"

"You might as well save yourself, Josh. This is one thing I'm set on and one thing I'm going to have."

Under Walt's mildly interested eye, Josh grew a deeper and deeper turkey cock red. Then the little man gulped forcefully.

"Now Hattie," he wheedled, "I don't want to be stubborn—"

"Then don't act so pig-headed," she snapped.

"But dang it, woman, we need a new rake before we do an old covered well that we've not even gonna use."

A sigh worked its way up Walt's interior. He stole a glance at his pocket-watch. If Hattie and Josh couldn't make up their minds, he wished they'd let him go. Cautiously he suggested,

"Mebbe if I came back later you folks'd have this thrashed out, and you could let me know what y' wanted."

"It's settled," began Josh.

"It is but not your way," Hattie finished.



"Well, it don't seem settled to me," Walt grunted, picking up his tool-kit. "I've got no time to waste, but I'll be back to hear what you decide."

The Perkinses watched him trudge down the road. Then Hattie turned toward the door.

"I'm fixing dinner, Josh. Come in when you've a mind to."

The screen quivered into place behind her straight back. Josh hadn't a mind for anything except stubborn Yankee anger. He snorted and kicked at the rickety well-frame. There was no accounting for the ideas of even a sensible woman like Hattie. Wonder what could have stirred her up so? If he could find out, maybe he could work her off on another track. It was worth trying, anyhow. Josh ambled in, munching a grass-root.

Hattie was dishing up. The plates rebounded from their abrupt contact with the oil-cloth. She eyed Josh and turned back to the sink.

"Mm-hmm," Josh cleared his throat. "Hattie, why've you so bound and determined to have this well contraption?"

"Come sit down." Hattie closed the oven and seated herself. "Why do I want Walt to fix that well? Because I'm sick and tired of garden prizes going to Abbie Timmons, with her sun-dials and sun-balls and what have you. I'm going to win that prize this year with morning-glories trained over a good-looking old covered-well, instead of having the committee look down their noses at that old eye-sore standing out there now."

Josh eyed her open-mouthed. Twice before had he heard Hattie make longer speeches than that. Once when she told him what she expected of a husband, on the night they became engaged. The second was delivered the night that the Republican County Committee lost the third-term selectmen's fight to Lem Tobin's boys. He snapped his mouth shut and applied himself to his boiled dinner. Finally, with a satisfied smile, he pushed himself back from the table. In the front parlor the rattle of dishes reached him faintly. Satisfied that Hattie was well-occupied, Josh went to the wall-phone and cranked gently.

"Ring Main five-oh-five-eight. That you, Henry? . . . Oh, can't complain. Remember that new rake for the reaper I was lookin' at? . . . Yeh, that's the one. Can y' send it out tomorrow? . . . 'Round ten? . . . Someone'll be here, Hattie or me . . . Thanks, Henry."

Josh trotted happily out to the barn. Maybe he'd better look at the half-track. Maybe he'd better even look at that jug of apple-jack, to see if it was mellowing right. A man had to show a woman who was head-man sometimes, just for her own good.

At the window, Hattie watched her husband disappear into the cool depths of the big barn. At last . . . she whipped into the front parlor.

"Northroad double six-one-three, please. Walt? . . . It's me, Hattie Perkins. I made up my mind about the well. I want you down here the first thing tomorrow and I want that job finished 'fore the week's out . . . Josh? . . . Now what difference does that make? . . . Early, mind. G'bye."

Hattie turned back to ironing with an easy mind. Josh was a good man as far as he went, but sometimes he had to be handled firmly. Tomorrow she'd end this foolishness once and for all.

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MOLLY PITCHER

. . . Mae Calhoun

THEY CALLED HER A HEROINE, BUT MOLLY PITCHER WOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF the first to deny this statement. She was only an American girl in love with a soldier, one of the many in our history. She was more, however, than the girl behind the man behind the gun — she is the model of today's resourceful American women.

When she was sixteen, Molly, christened Mary Ludwig, married John Hays in 1769, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The townspeople saw only a union between a local boy and the servant of the town's best doctor — even John didn't suspect he had married a future heroine. She had been born on a small dairy farm near Trenton, the child of immigrants from the German Palatinate. Her father supposedly served with Braddock's forces, thus insuring a fighting heritage for his famous daughter.

The long impending war with Britain broke out and John eagerly enlisted as an artilleryman in Proctor's regiment in December, 1775. Molly developed her talent for gunnery while proudly watching John and the others practising on the village green. When his regiment departed, Molly marched with them, doing the cooking, mending for John, and foraging for food with the other wives. On New Year's Day, 1777, John transferred to the infantry as a private under Molly's former employer, and spent the winter at Valley Forge. Molly returned home and finding it hard to obtain work, soon returned to the lonely John.

On Sunday, June 28, 1778, on Monmouth battlefield, Molly was to earn the title which would serve forever as a symbol of American women's courage and entitle her to a glowing page in history. General Washington was tired of the skirmishing between the two forces and decided to give the enemy a taste of battle. He ordered General Lee to intercept the forces under Clinton who were endeavoring to cross the plains of New Jersey and gain the safety of Howe's fleet. The Continentals met the English forces at Monmouth on a day so hot that the temperature hovered around the hundred degree mark. Both men and animals were suffering agonizing thirst while the battle raged from morning until late afternoon.

Molly wasn't one to sit passively by and watch her countrymen suffer, so she formed a one woman bucket brigade to help slake their thirst. She had only a small pitcher and the spring was quite a distance away, on the old Corduroy road, leading from a swamp past the battlefield. She carried the water painstakingly to and fro until her gown was as moist as the exterior of the blue and white pitcher — but she never gave up, not Molly! In between times, she bandaged the wounded, and redoubtable gal that she was, even slung one over her shoulder and carried him to safety. It might have been one of these very wounded who blessed her with the soubriquet "Molly Pitcher." She had accomplished a deed that day that has never been surpassed — and equalled only by such great personalities as Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell.

The Americans were winning the battle when a retreat was ordered by Lee and thereupon, our forces were hacked by the hard hitting Hessian dragoons.

Washington's arrival prevented a complete rout by inspiring the men to fight. Molly's husband was detailed to an artillery emplacement to replace casualties. On one of her merciful errands, Molly was shocked to see John hit, and fall wounded almost at her feet. The cannon was ordered withdrawn, but she volunteered to take John's place. Molly fired a number of rounds as zealously as any man before reinforcements arrived. Washington's appearance had certainly turned the tide in her favor, but Molly played no small part in inspiring her fighting countrymen.

Molly became known to her friends and the entire army as Sergeant Hays. It was rumored that she had been presented with the commission by Washington himself; it is certain she received a personal commendation from the greatest American. It has also been said that her son, John Ludwig Hays, who later became a sergeant in the war of 1812, was born in a field tent at Monmouth. Even we have a faint suspicion that Molly invented this tale herself, as an innocent joke.

After the battle, the Hays returned to Carlisle where they were royally greeted and accorded the respect of the whole community. After John's death Molly was never quite the same, something of herself had died with him, but she could still bring forth the old fire on occasion.

For a while afterwards, Molly had a difficult time financially and this may have prompted her marriage to George McCauley, an old friend of John's, in 1792. However she had to support them both by such odd jobs as washing and cleaning the courthouse and other public buildings. Molly wasn't too proud for such work—to her, honest work was good work. In February, 1882, the Pennsylvania legislature came to her rescue and the state treasurer granted her a lifetime annuity of forty dollars, payable half yearly. The annuity was granted in recognition of her valuable services to the country during the Revolutionary War.

In later years, Molly liked nothing better than to sit on her porch chewing tobacco and regaling friends with her experiences. She lived to be almost eighty and remained her true outspoken self to her last breath. Many tributes were offered throughout the country on her death in January, 1832. Her hometown newspaper, **The Carlisle Volunteer**, stated that "She lived during the days of the Revolution and shared its hardships and witnessed many scenes of blood and courage. To the sick and wounded she was an efficient aid . . . and the widow of an American hero."

On her grave in Monmouth battlefield is a bas relief, depicting her in the role of a field artillery maid. But Molly doesn't need a memorial—she lives in the spirit of the American service-women of today.

"Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain."

Thomson

WHEN HE COMES HOME

. . . Dorothy Harrington

THE AVID READER OF PULP MAGAZINES, IF SHE TRIES TO FOLLOW HER NATURAL bent, these days, is subject to everything but the pure unadulterated fiction, which is what she seeks. Comfortably settled in her easy chair, she is all set, despite the recommendations of her pet psychologist, to follow the labyrinthin trail of fantasy. She opens the magazine, visions of a smooth Jon Whitcomb couple dancing through her head and what greets her eyes—

"A Plea for Patience" and above this intriguing caption, set against a dark background is an - - - - iron. Yes Sunbeam has gone to war, but when peace comes your Ironmaster will be back in its usual spot. (In the meantime, put your best skirt under the mattress for that much needed pressing).

Resigning herself to going without an iron, our heroine turns the page still hopeful of discovering a little escape literature. On Page 6 she finds that "returning soldiers and sailors have been welcomed into homes equipped with White Star Gas Ranges." With a sigh, our heroine firmly resolves to V-Mail her special G I that his White Star is still standing in his kitchen waiting for him when the shooting is over. Deciding that another magazine is the answer to her problem, friend reader picks up another, not yet completely devoid of hope. Yes another one - - - - "the Spindrier washing machine has gone to war." When Uncle Sam gives the signal - - - - Spindrier will rush those machines from the factory to all the waiting homes.

Making one last desperate attempt, she finds a nice harmless magazine which had always contained pure Hollywood-style fiction. She is safe at last! - - - - Slowly and carefully opening the cover she sneaks a look - - - - "One spoon will have to be a symbol of the future." Even Community Silver has gone to war, but when it's over - - - -

With a mad shriek ye escapist vows never to look at another magazine and goes to her book-shelf to get something simple like Maritain in order to get away from it all.

"The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I put a trinket on."

Dickinson

FAMOUS FIENDS

THE PRESS ROOM IS A COLD SILENT PLACE, SORROW HANGS ON THE VERY AIR. Willie is melancholy, Willie is disconsolate . . . Hughie is gone. He was last seen heading in the general direction of the Paramount with an egg basket under his arm. Do not weep, gentle reader, for he will return; while old Willie carries on alone with the timely topic:

"Who is your favorite villain?"

Mister Fitzpatrick smiled and said: "You're expecting a noted figure from literature, but you know, even profs have their moments. Sidney Greenstreet is my nominee for the title. Violence is so overdone that I find his insidious manner a welcome relief."

In a secluded corner of the library, Gloria Delatour admitted that she was simply fascinated by Boris Karloff. Thinking of Hughie, we murmured, "Oh, Franken Steinatra. By the way have you ever met this ghoul?"

"Oh, yes, shambling past Tiffany's one day with a greenish pallor that would have done credit to a shamrock . . . and those arms, so apelike . . . oooh."

Father Hession, being an avid Dickens' fan, immediately suggested Uriah Heep. But on second thought, decided that Becky Sharp was more to his liking, since, "She mothered a long line of fictional villainesses, and was the best of them all."

As we quizzed, Eleanor Carey took another bite of her sandwich, chewed thoughtfully for a moment and observed that Iago had her vote. His villainy is so meticulously planned, he must have been a wonderful psychologist to know just how much to water the seeds of his plans to get the desired effects. Diabolically clever, that's Iago.

Joan McManus wrinkled her nose and professed a leaning toward the suave debonair villain — miserly old Scrooges and gruesome monsters fail to fascinate her. For an example, she proposed Mr. Manningham, the erstwhile husband of **Angel Street** and **Gaslight**, as the perfect fiend. "Such a clever, twisted mentality," she sighed, "and so handsome."

Sister Joseph Immaculate prefers the crafty and ingenious "Loki", from the stories in the **Elder Edda** by Snorri Stuluson. This character from the old Norse tales can take any desired form, as he is one of the lesser gods. Sister particularly delights in his mischievous habit of annoying Thor, the powerful thundergod, by hiding his hammer. We think "Loki" would be a good person to know, if you're planning a picnic for a sunny Sunday afternoon.

An Irish lass-about-Fontbonne, Ronnie Burke by name, laughed: "Why, the leprechauns, to be sure. They are the tiny quaint men who steal little Irish boys. That is why the wee lads are always dressed in skirts, to fool the would-be-kidnappers."

Amelia Bonnadonna admires the cruel heartless villains who pursue their relentless purposes to the very end, bitter or otherwise. "Now take Fu-Manchu," she said, "Could anyone be more bloodthirsty?"

Quivering, we nodded an assenting head, as we continued to hear spine chilling accounts of mass murders, death in a teacup and that old oriental standby of tearing nails from the flesh. We fled as the gore threatened to drown us, and wished wildly that Hugh were here.

. . . WILLIE TELL

WOMEN ARE UNPREDICTABLE



. . . Margot Schulte

"THIS ONE REALLY HAS POSSIBILITIES," BRU SCOTT SAID, "LOOK at the size and the shape, the best I've seen in two months."

"Looks pretty good to me," Simp said, gazing with fascination at the large heart which his friend Bru was holding tenderly.

He watched carefully as his friend laid the specimen lovingly on the workbench in the garage. Hearts were getting hard to find. Even being a close friend of the butcher didn't assure Bru of the slaughter house's regular supply. They were grinding them up for dog food now, since some people were supposed to be eating horse meat. At least that is what they had been told on their last three trips to purchase one. Simp had the greatest respect for Bru's interest in hearts, the animal kind that is. The forty-five cents the medium-sized ones cost raised their value in his estimation. Besides, it was for the advancement of science, and Simp's interests ran, (when they bothered) in the general direction of airplanes, boats, remote control and television. Dissecting hearts was Bru's personal conception of the proper groundwork for the medical profession.

"Speaking of hearts—" Bru began with some hesitancy. He was not planning to speak of the animal kind and any other sort was a forbidden subject between them. Having no desire to break up a beautiful friendship, the words did not come easily: "What are we going to do about the prom?"

"Nothing. As usual," Simp said. Clearly women offered no problem to him at the present. "But what about swelling the canoe?"

"Don't change the subject. I'm in a jam."

"Why, you haven't asked anyone, have you?"

Bru looked hurt. "Do ya' think I would and not tell you? Fine guy I'd be."

Simp was properly abashed, as though he would doubt his best friend's loyalty. Especially now, when they had only seventy-four more days together before they would be separated for a long, long time. Maybe forever! The thought filled him with a vague sadness.

"Well?"

The question disturbed Simp's train of thought, and as a result of this intrusion on his philosophising about the futility of life, he was left at quite a loss for words.

"Being vice-president of the class, I have to take someone. And so do you," Bru offered.

"But we hate women," Simp reminded him.

"Oh, I guess some of them aren't so terrible. That is . . . if you don't have to talk to them all the time." Bru reached for the





butcher knife. The going was tough. He also stole a glance at his friend who seemed once again lost in thought. This sudden concentration on Simp's part worried Bru. It was rather sudden.

Simp came to life. "Do you mean that you have a date . . . with a girl?" The thought evidently filled him with horror.

"But we promised each other . . ."

"I know, but it's my duty as vice-president. I have to take someone, it's part of my job. The both of us have to go. After all, it's only once. And we can probably take them home early. Or maybe we can ask someone who already has a date and she'll have to refuse." The last suggestion seemed to offer possibilities.

But the logic didn't appeal to Simp. "That's no good. Then we'd have to take some drip who didn't have a date. That would be worse. Well, you can go if you want to, but I'm not."

Something in the tone of his friend's voice made Bru look up from his job of removing the main artery, a most delicate task, and when he saw the set look on the other's face, he felt quite discouraged. This wasn't going to be easy. He wondered how long it would take to convince him. The prom was only ten days off.

"You're dripping heart all over my catcher's mitt," Simp remarked, but he did not sound as though he really cared — and the glove was newly second-hand.

"I'm nearly finished," Bru said as he began to gather the pieces together. He sighed. This was one swell heart.

An hour later, the car, vintage of '29, pulled up in front of Bru's house. The engine was quickly cut. This was to save gas. Despite the chemical with which they had been stretching their gallon and a half, they sometimes found the tank quite dry by Thursday, which was hard on their weekends.

"Don't forget the meeting is at seven-thirty tonight," Bru reminded Simp. "Come early, and try to get your half of the Latin done before you get here."

"Don't worry Simp, something will work out." Man to man, they looked at each other and gravely nodded. It was settled . . . temporarily.

It was at supper that Bru pursued his investigation.

"Father, did you ask Mother out first . . . or did she ask you?" His father looked quite serious. "Why, son, I believe we followed the usual procedure. I asked her. To the theatre, I think."

"Say, Muth, are my basketball socks clean?" Apparently used to the sudden change of subject Bru's family ignored the first question and the socks were eventually remembered to be in the drawer of the desk in the hall, where Bru had put them himself for safekeeping. He really had nothing to worry about, his Mother had assured him, since they failed to fascinate her, and his father had plenty of his own.



Mr. Scott turned toward his son, just in time to see him start a dish of chocolate pudding with a knife. Clearly something was on Bru's mind.

"Bruce, are you worrying about the Fourth Term?"

Bru ignored his father's heavy wit.

"Say, Muth," he began again, "Do you think any girl would go out with me?"

"Well, dear,"—she looked quite serious—"As far as I can see I don't know why you wouldn't have a running chance."

Bru looked quite cheered. "Gee, maybe I can get a date for the prom."

His father heaved a sigh of relief. "For a minute I thought you were looking around for an exemption for your income tax."

"Don't worry Dad, I'm only considering it because of my position in life. For a steady diet, women are too unpredictable. Speaking of 'unpredictable women', when is Sal coming home for Spring vacation?"

Sal was the daughter of the family, occupied at present with various forms of higher education at college. Secretly, Bru was quite fascinated with the casual manner in which she referred to the British Foreign Policy, Freud, radio magnetic waves and Japanese Air Bases. Of course he and Sal didn't see eye to eye on several things. She was lazy. If she could, she would sail across the lake on two reaches, instead of heading into the wind and following it through. Also, she'd run herself ragged on the tennis court, getting around the ball so she wouldn't have to hit it with her back-hand. But on the other hand, she was pretty swell about lending him a dollar here and there when she was home, and best of all, she wasn't too fussy about when she was repaid. Yep, Sal was pretty okay.

"Thursday? Maybe Sal—no! Simp's right, we hate women. Where'd you say my socks were?"

And Bru continuing in that frame of mind for all of a night and a morning, greeted his friend, "Simp, I guess you're right. There's no sense in getting involved now. I've decided not to take a girl to the Prom. I'll take tickets at the door instead."

Simp beamed. Things were back to normal.

"Well now that you've decided against it, I guess I can tell you. I heard Joan Bayles say that she'd consider going to the Prom with you."

"But Joan is the most popular girl in school! I thought Hank had asked her."

"He did, but she said 'no'. Women are so doggone unpredictable. You know her; if she doesn't want to do something, she won't."

Bru was finding out to his sorrow, that he didn't know her. He was beginning to wish he did.

He and Simp were chugging their way down Central Avenue when Bruce decided on refreshments.

"Okay, you get out and order," said Simp. "The usual for me. I'll park."

Bru slid out of his seat and casually sauntered into the store. He was greeted loudly and enthusiastically by a group of girls near the door.

To these he deigned a casual nod, which was really all he could manage. They scared him. He turned toward the fountain where the rest of the team usually congregated. It was completely deserted except for a dark head bent over a soda. It looked very familiar. Before he could start in the other direction, the head turned around and two of the bluest eyes smiled into his. He felt a faint weakness around

the knees.

"Hello there, Bruce Scott." She had the whitest teeth!

"Hi, Joan, what's new?" He wondered if he sounded as nonchalant as he hoped. He groped madly for something to talk about, but she beat him to it.

"Are you going to that old Prom?"

"I don't know, it should be pretty good."

"Well," she wasn't looking at him now, "I suppose it **could be** — with the right person."

"I hear Hank asked you to go." This wasn't so terrible at all once you got started.

"Yes, but I'm not going with him." She opened her eyes wide at him.

"I guess I won't go at all if someone else doesn't ask me. I guess maybe I should have said yes to Hank. I think I'm going to miss a lot of fun."

She really sounded awfully disappointed. Gee, he thought, it would be a shame if she didn't get to go after all. Under the circumstances he almost had to ask her.

"Maybe we could sort of go together." He relaxed. He had said it, and he was still alive!

"Oh Bruce," she looked positively radiant, "I'd love to, absolutely."

The two of them stood there grinning at each other. Then joy faded from life. Simp stood in the doorway.

"Had to fix the fanbelt," he said. Joan got a nod.

"Simp, Joan and I are going to the prom together." Bru closed his eyes for a minute and waited for the reaction. Then he opened them slowly.

Simp stood there, utterly crestfallen. "And all I did was fix the fanbelt," he said.

Bru felt like a traitor. How was he ever going to explain things to Simp's satisfaction?

Nor was it much better to have Joan go on to mention how she just **knew** Bruce was going with her after she and Amy Hollis had worked her Ouija board last night.

"Oh, yeah?" said Simp.

"Yes, the Ouija's just like fate. You really can't go against fate, you know. Why don't you ask Amy, Simp?"

And there the matter rested.

The next morning Bru awakened from a deep sleep, unhampered by thought of the mystic significance of Ouija's momentous decisions. He was conscious only of a faint glow, which he quickly traced to the fact that he had made a date for himself, and had lived to tell the tale.

"Bru dear, I have a surprise. You're going to the Prom." His mother smiled.

"I know," he beamed, "I asked her last night."

"But, son, I only discussed it with Mrs. Jameson last evening while you were at practice. We both decided that since Ellen wasn't going and you hadn't a date, it would be nice if the two of you went together."

"But Mother, I mean I asked Joan Bayles and she said yes. I can't possibly

and girls."

Bru's wonderful feeling of experience and suavity faded as he stared with longing eyes at a huge plate of bacon and eggs. Life was getting complicated again. Women!

A half hour later he heard the familiar chug as the car rounded the corner, and for once he did not look forward to a conversation with his friend. How could he ever explain the mess he was in now. He wished he had followed Simp's advice and not gotten himself mixed up with women.

The car slowed down and Bru jumped in. He sat in silence for a minute listening with half an ear to Simp's statements about deciding that, after all it must be fate because he saw her this morning and she had said yes before he finished the speech he had prepared.

"Simp, will you take Ellen Jameson to the Prom? I know those braces are terrible, but maybe she'll have them taken off for the night of the dance." He hoped he sounded positive.

"But Bru, didn't you hear what I just said? I told you that I thought over what the Ouija board said and decided to ask Amy Hollis. I met her on the way to school this morning and I popped the question. She said yes, right away." Simp looked quite pleased with his adept method of handling the matter.

Bru slumped lower in the seat. He was in immediate danger of falling out the side. "Oh, man," he groaned, "I've turned into a two-timer. I wonder if I could enlist in the Marines right away without my parents' consent?"

Sal lay in the hammock, swinging herself gently with one foot dragging on the ground. She looked down at her brother sprawled out on the lawn.

"So you see Sal, that's how it is. Simp has a date and I have two. The Prom has been moved up to the day after tomorrow on account of the War Bond Rally, and I still haven't found anyone to take Ellen for me. The kid really doesn't look too bad. Her mother had all that junk taken off her teeth and donated it to the scrap pile, I guess. But Mom says that if I can't find someone to take Ellen, I have to take both of them myself. It sure is a heck of a situation."

"Well, pal, if I manage to get a date for Ellen will you give me your corduroy jacket?" Hope filled his veins and made quite a difference in his face. "Anything," he promised recklessly, "the tweed one, too."

"No, just one will do. But how does this sound? Steve is coming down tomorrow for the weekend. He said he expected his little brother to be home on leave this week. Little Brother is in the Navy. I can ask Steve to bring Ed with him. He can take Ellen to the Prom for you."

"It's strictly manna from heaven," Bru sighed. "I insist on adding my plaid shirt and two tennis balls."

"Well, I'll call Steve and make the arrangements. Are you sure Ellen will go with Ed? I think he's nineteen." Her face was serious, but her eyes twinkled.

"She won't have to know until he's here. Besides, she thinks Steve is pretty wonderful. Maybe because he's an Ensign."

(over to page 26, please)



ST. JOE'S FUTURE COMPETITION TO ORSON WELLES WANTS TO WRITE, PRODUCE, and act on her own radio program. And if someone mentions "opera", her blue eyes twinkle. Have you seen the variety of things that drop out of her books — such as "Railway Express" blotters, and "Yankee Doodles"?! If the medley of things she's had a hand in could be catalogued, the highlights would certainly include Freshman Class Day chairman, Sophomore councillor, Junior editor of Footprints, Ring Committee manager, and class Vice-President! Even someone who didn't know "Del's" wonderful way of managing things wouldn't be surprised to learn that Senior year finds her President of the U. A.!

The hilarious "Archie" of Freshman G. A. is never without a grin for more than a minute, except on those more serious occasions when she strikes a minor key in her Math major. Has a passion for stage doings, and holds in common the spelling of her first name with a certain Miss Davis, who incidentally, also acts. Her leisure time (in the summer we mean) is given over mostly to swimming, and she keeps on her toes in the winter by dancing, of course. When "Archie" starts her cooking in the kitchen we wonder if the recipes are those the "elite" like to eat.

Did we hear "lush" or "raucous"? Must be our Junior from the wilds of Bridgeton, N. J.! This tall slim gal is well-known by her lovely red-gold (Pardon us!) titian hair. We'll never be able to stop teasing her about her job last summer — "Can you imagine — I worked in a tomato factory, with German prisoners!" (P.S.—But "on the payroll staff!") When she's not learning all about being an R. N. from her Freshman sister, this scoop subject is waving that rejection slip from the Ladie's Home Journal and saying, "I'll see my short story in print yet!" We also quote "I like my men tall and dark". (Who doesn't?)

Our most cosmopolitan Sophomore was born in England, and spent her childhood in a small town in southern Germany. And five years in the U. S. A. have been long enough to impell her to vote "no" on the great American movie: "Every time I see one, I think they're all alike!" Just in case English and German aren't enough, she's adding Spanish patter to her collection now. A few years hence may find her as a government gal doing post-war "S.S." work in Europe. But a bit of her present fame is for those well-defined opinions in History class.

HONORABLE MENTION

. . . Peggy McGuire

ALL THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS THAT GLEAM INSIDE AND OUT WITH NEW MAKE-UP applied by busy painters while S.J.C.-ers were on vacation. Every spot from the Nursery School up has felt the touch of the artists' brushes.

THE CHOIR whose renditions, especially of "Disons Le Chapelet", add to the majestic beauty of Benediction.

THE NEW FRESHMEN — 120 strong — as grand in quality as they are in quantity.

THE PIANO TUNER who labored for three days with his little twisters and turners, until now the B key plays B, the F plays F, and the harmony resounds.

THE 1944 VERSION OF GYM ATTIRE — a zoot suit minus a reat pleat, in sort of a bluish prison grey. Glamour toujours!

A hearty welcome to the LIBRARY DOOR that made its debut into St. Jo's society when the card catalogue that concealed it, obligingly stepped across the room.

THE TWO LITTLE GREEN PLANTS in two little coral pots that are perched on the card catalogue — perfect symmetry, too.

The acrobatic antics of the SQUIRRELS who chase one another around the library and cause many noses that should be deep in books, to be flattened against the window panes.

THE ELECTRIC ORANGE SQUEEZER that works even better when it is atop the new, enriched edition and addition of our kitchen table.

THE EXTERIOR DECORATIONS ON THE LOCKERS. They range from B-17's to Shamrocks, from visiting cards to names written in Chinese, from American flags to long, lean bicycle locks. And who is the energetic soul who advocates "Conserve our wild life!"????

YOUR NUMBER'S UP

. . . Phyllis Pirozzi

"I MUST HAVE A MAN THAT VIBRATES TO NUMBER SEVEN." WHEN DOROTHY LAMOUR even believes in it, it must have something. When George Burns suddenly becomes George K. Burns to vibrate to number seven, and therefore become Dorothy's leading man, we begin to wonder. Why should a whole radio program be devoted to it? What could this so-called Numerology be?

As in mathematics, an equation is solved, and the unknown "X" conveniently equals something, so in this case, the unknown, numerology, does not equal a science, and has no basis in fact. Perhaps the reason for its huge popularity is because it's an amusement and people like to have their fortunes told. It is really a method of character

For the ancient Chinese and Jewish people, numbers were sacred, and were analysis which gives a numerical value to each letter.

worshipped as a religion all their own. Since numbers follow their own rigid laws, they were thought by the Jews to have special significance, and degrees of importance and sanctity. For example, we find in Jewish mysticism, the numbers seven and ten are the preferred numbers. There are seven planets, seven days in a week, the Sabbath is the seventh day! Also seven and its derivatives appear over five hundred times in the Bible. The Decalogue, of course, gives number ten much of its significance, but there were also ten plagues in Egypt, ten generations from Adam to Noah, ten words in the creation of the earth, and ten things created on the Sabbath. Because Moses spent forty days and nights on Mt. Sinai, and forty is the number of years spent in the desert, it also has special importance. According to superstition, a magic formula should be repeated forty times in order to be successful. Of all numbers, sixty tells the strangest tale. It was believed that if unfit food were mixed with good food sixty times its amount, it would be clean. Dehydration in the making!

And now to numerology proper! The sole purpose of this subject with the long name is to analyze characters. The average person likes to hear himself praised—that is, he likes to hear people tell him of his good qualities. He clings to superstitions because they condone so many of his defects. The individual's character depends upon his number of vibrations, and in order to analyze a person, only three things are needed — his birth-date, present name, and original name. The first, and most important consideration is the birth-path or date, since it alone can not be changed. The birth-date signifies the work in the world for which we are best suited. Since numerologists agree that our parents instinctively select the right names for us, the original name is next in significance. From our name, we obtain the ability to accomplish the things for which our birth-date calls. Thirdly, comes our present name, and with it our personality and talents. We should only change our names when we wish to change our personality or talents.

The key to an understanding of numerology is obtained by dividing the alphabet into groups of nine letters, the first beginning with A, the second group with

J, and the last with S. Thus, A equals one, B equals two, and so on in each group. Each number is divided into three aspects. There is the good aspect in which the person makes the most of his ability which his number attributes to him. The negative aspect finds him lying down on the job, and in the bad aspect we find the individual using his abilities for evil ends. If we live up to our numbers, and follow what they tell us, we can all be successful.

Adolph Hitler is a famous character, so let's try to analyze him. From his birth-path, which is five, we see that he has come to this world to teach others from his own experiences. This coincides nicely with Hitler's rise to power after serving both in the army and in prison. His destiny vibrates to eleven. This tells us he is a master at what he does, and inspires many others. It tells us he should be a politician. His personality is very strong. It's 22-1 ! That tells us that he is masterful and domineering. What better descriptions for Hitler! Six is his talents' vibration. This means that his interests are centered around his family or community. We also find in him a good advisor and friend. He does things in a big way, dynamically and quickly. Proceeding in order, we come next to his angle or viewpoint on life. According to numerology, he believes he should be a pioneer and leader. His "pinnacle of success" vibrates to three, telling us that he would receive his greatest success in art, or a profession.

When Hitler's year influence is computed, it vibrates to six. His problem this year is worry — and who can blame him? According to numbers he should use all his ideas of last year. His best days in April are the first, tenth, and nineteenth. On these days, he should start new things and be a real leader, using force and aggression. Hitler's father's name, Schicklegruber, vibrates to six. Hence, Hitler derives his ability to teach from his father, as well as his desire to aid the community.

Merely because one analysis turns out so well, individuals may think well or ill of numerology.. Whether or not it may provide a key to personality and character, it is a fascinating subject. Whether or not we should guide our lives by it, is another question. Shakespeare once wrote: "What's in a name?" — What do you think?



"The Sabbath of the year."

Logan

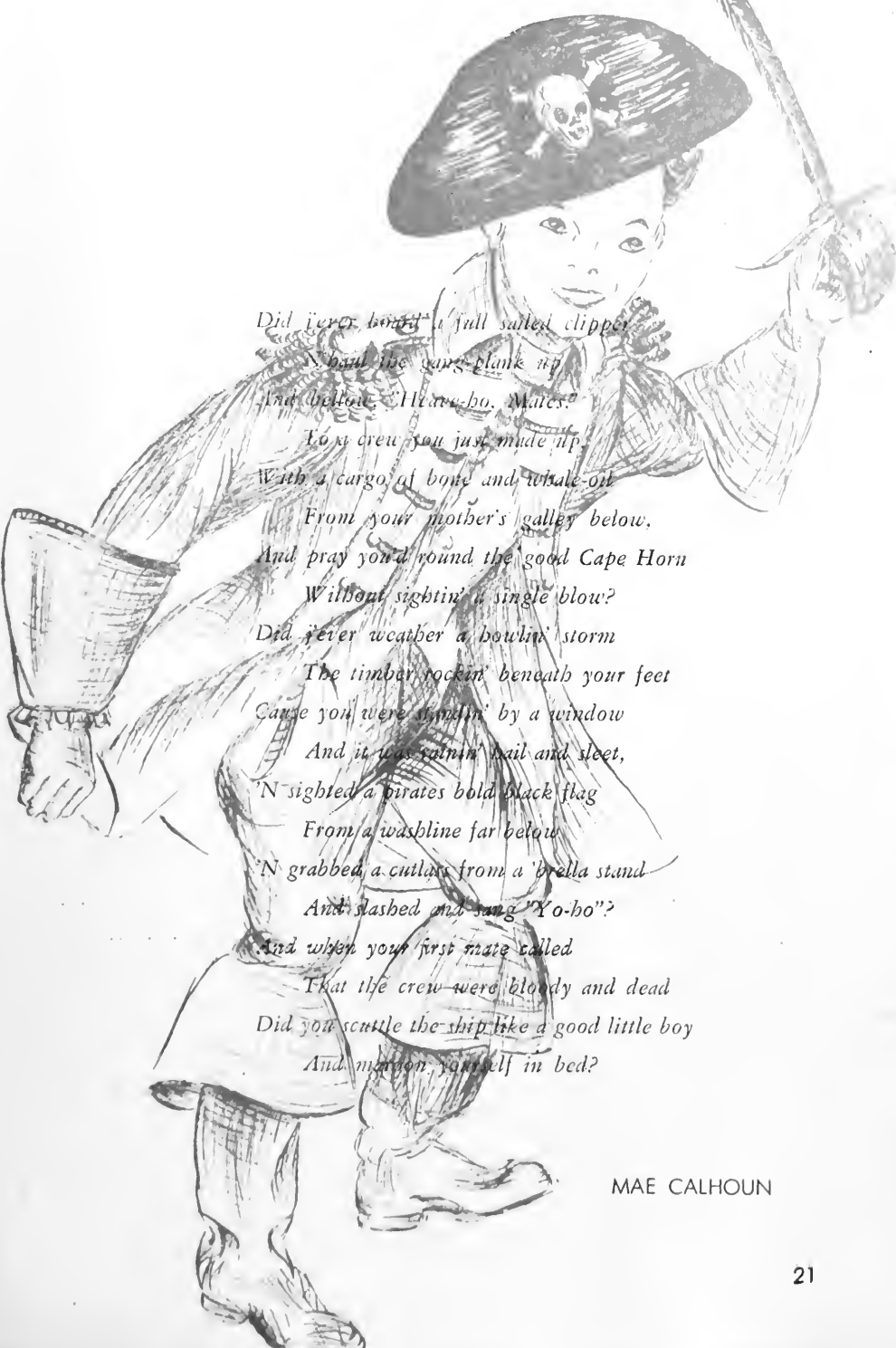
"The tints of autumn—a mighty flower garden, blossoming
under the spell of the enchanter, frost."

Whittier

"Yellow, mellow, ripened days
Sheltered in golden coating."

Carleton

ATTIC SEA-DOG



Did I ever board a full sailed clipper
'N haul the gang plank up
And shout, "Heave-ho, Mates!"
To a crew you just made up,
With a cargo of bone and whale oil
From your mother's galley below,
And pray you'd round the good Cape Horn
Without sightin' a single blow?
Did I ever weather a howlin' storm
The timber rockin' beneath your feet
Cause you were standin' by a window
And it was rainin' hail and sleet,
'N sighted a pirates bold black flag
From a washline far below
'N grabbed a cutlass from a 'brella stand
And slashed and sang "Yo-ho"?
And when your first mate called
That the crew were bloody and dead
Did you scuttle the ship like a good little boy
And march yourself in bed?

MAE CALHOUN

FACULTY FACTS

FATHER DILLON

LAUGHING AT ME AS I TRIED TO BE DIPLOMATIC, FATHER DILLON REFUSED TO evade the question, and stated that he was born in Brooklyn, on July 4, 1892. He went to Public School, St. John's College, and St. Lawrence University before entering St. John's Seminary, and holds the academic degrees of A.B., A.M., J.D., and the honorary degrees of L.L.B., and L.L.D. Father smiled when he reflected on his college days, and said that many of the incidents he recollected were not printable — "Think of the example they'd set!"

As he grew up, Father concentrated on law, and on not being a teacher. Incidentally, he believes that there is much insincerity in the teaching profession, and thinks that for some people, the main objective in being a teacher is the prestige gained. Father is justly proud of St. Joseph's faculty members for their ability, sincerity, and genuine interest. It was the Dean who inaugurated the practice of sending the younger members of the religious Faculty to some of the country's leading Universities.

Ordained in 1917, Father was sent to St. Francis of Assisi Church, and did a great deal of work in the contagious disease division of Kingston Avenue Hospital. The two years spent in that work gave Father more satisfaction than any other work he has done. Father was transferred to the College in 1919, when Bishop Molloy was then Doctor Molloy, Professor of Philosophy. 1944 marks his twenty-fifth year here, and seventh as Right Reverend Monsignor Dillon. In twenty-five years, St. Joseph's has seen many changes, including the remodeling and acquisition of new buildings. The most radical change has been the establishment of student-government. Father has stood almost alone in the diocese, and out of it, in advocating and practicing a system whereby the students govern themselves. He believes that the conscientious practice of student-government will give the girls the right to live as individuals, and to live democratically in a democratic system. There is freedom in St. Joseph's, and it is Father's aim to have us use our freedom well. It has been an up-hill fight all the way. Father has been severely criticized for the trust which he has placed in the sincerity of the student body. Ten years ago at a convention in Louisville, he presented his ideas on the subject and his liberal views were so resented by various auditors, that they refused to listen to his speech. In many quarters the resentment still holds because there is general unwillingness to believe that college students have the ability and energy to govern themselves honestly and live according to the rules which they themselves have made. Another point of controversy has been the Honor System and student-administered exams. These practices are evidences of Father's confidence in the belief that all men are fundamentally good, and if treated fairly, for the most part they will respond fairly.

Taking time out from his work as Dean, Father Dillon has found leisure at one time or another, to be a President of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, and a member of its law panel, first President and one of the active organizers of the National Catholic Honor Society—Delta Epsilon Sigma—and President of the National Catholic Educational Association. He is Moderator of the Catholic Lawyer's Guild, Examiner of the Junior Clergy, a Director of the Brooklyn Chapter of the American Red Cross, and a trustee of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. He also belongs to the New York Academy of Public Education, and the British Philosophical Institute. Father has published articles for the American Philosophical Association, and the National Catholic Educational Association, one of which is his brochure on Student Government. He has also written for the Journal of Religious Education and contributed a chapter on law to a ten chapter volume of which Father can't remember the name.

In the summer months, Father's role is that of Parish priest. He is pastor of Our Lady of the Magnificat Church at Ocean Beach, and Our Lady's Chapel at Saltaire. The hurricane of 1938 completely erased Our Lady's Chapel. For a time nothing was found, but one month later the chalice was discovered floating sixteen miles away. Nothing else was recovered.

At his summer parish, as at St. Joseph's, Father lives completely alone—and likes it. Most of the time, he is his own cook, sexton, maid and gardener.

The thing that Father admires most about St. Joseph's is the way the girls respond to the religious exercises of the college, although they are not compulsory. He believes in religion without force, because only then can an individual receive the greatest good from the practice of his religion. Father Dillon is living a very happy and a very full life, and he finds life eminently worth while. From Angela Morgan's poem of gratitude, Father Dillon quoted a beautiful act of thanksgiving—

"Thank thee for Life, for Life, for Life,
O Giver of Life, O God!"

. . . Agnes Fennelly



IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY

. . . Marion Quealy and Dot Harrington

*Would you explore the great outdoors?
Greet nature face to face—
Breathe in pure air, breathe out relief
And wonder how and where?*

FOLLOWING EXPOSURE TO THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE, AS EXTOLLED IN LYRIC AND lore by enthusiasts of the Wordsworthian variety, we, divesting ourselves of urbane veneer took to the hills with zest. Armed with jackknives and jodphurs, can-openers and coal, and fortified with almost superhuman courage and willpower, we trekked into the Hempstead Hills. Here, we stationed one contingent of non-equestriennes who, with the assistance of a few juvenile recruits pledged on their scout's honor to keep the home fires burning. The braver ones, to escape K.P., hopefully matched their professional-looking riding habits with horses that had seen better days.

For the first half of the allotted hour our fourfooted friends were reluctant to do more than plod. Suddenly, however, as if spurred on by jealous thoughts of Man'O'War, Nellie began to move and we found ourselves racing along between sky and saddle, and nearer neither, but close to nature — oh so-o close. One of our less fortunate members after five minutes of Man'O'War, was forced to dust herself off and limp her weary way to the campfire for consolation and refreshment. Nellie, sans Mary, found new life and with reins flying, raced merrily on and is probably still going.

The jaunt over, we returned to our less sportive companions. We found a smoke screen behind which lurked a blazing fire. Hot dogs tasted delicious even though they had to be rescued from the charcoal. Beans, mostly burned, also helped to assuage the hunger aroused by a brisk ride in the outdoors. No sooner had we settled down to enjoy our food and to relax, our self-appointed aids reappeared. They wanted food as a token of our gratitude and they were prepared to get it, by fair means or foul. The methods of taming pugnacious little boys as prescribed by the Child Psych Major in the crowd failed utterly. Tossing our dignity to the winds (and leaving the remnants of our food to those darling children) we ran trying to maintain whatever poise was left to us. In our haste to get away we had'nt bothered to look for landmarks and after running for ten minutes we found — you guessed it — we were lost.

One hour later, footsore and weary, we reached the town of Westwood, which was about eight miles away from our original destination. There, we got on a train bound for civilization — Brooklyn. Need it be added that we stood all the way home. Homeward bound we made a firm resolution to write this exposé on the beauties of nature.

*Would you explore the great outdoors?
Well we know just the place—
On campus, there is brush and leaf
And good food anywhere.*

IP, HIP—AWAY!

... Gloria Wagner

AS YOU TRAVEL IN AND AROUND DEPARTMENT STORES TODAY, AN "EVIDENT" figure is always the plump woman fearfully eyeing the size twelve's. After a battle of hours, she has surrendered to the fact that nothing less than twenty will fit her. Her fate? —membership in the international Legion of Reducers! However, she will not be a contemporary pioneer blazing a trail of discarded pounds, for undoubtedly thousands of women (yes — even the men) have been weight conscious — far back before the glorified centuries of Greek and Roman civilization.

Let me show you! — Hold tight as we breeze back a few thousand years B.C. and land in Egypt. Extra poundage couldn't have been too much of a problem then, since there were no caloric "goodies" — but after a heavy meal of Egyptian fruits and barbecued camel, the wise diners must have struggled for sylph-like figures by exercise. This, undoubtedly, took the form of dashing seven times up and down the banks of the Nile, and topping it off with a mad sprint around the base of the Sphinx. The Egyptians had to exercise — there's no doubt about it — because they had a great liking for food, even taking it with them to the grave.

A few years of wars and progress and we find ourselves in a fashionable villa in an important Italian town. A plump Roman is reclining on his couch by a low table (in company with guests for dinner). The room is stacked with food, all are gorging themselves, but Mr. Obese Roman is "watching" his diet. Meat courses, fruit courses, all sorts of delicacies are being rolled out, but there he sits gloomily picking at a plate of cicers. (Note:—see Latin Prof.—you will discover that a cicer—without its toga—resembles a modern pea).

Now travel with me to the days "when knighthood was in flower". What a sad plight for a young gallant knight to increase his poundage. Think of the trouble he'd have bringing his suit of armor to the blacksmith's to be "let out" at the rivets.

It's quite a jump from Medieval Europe to Early America — but in order to meet the Indians it's quite necessary. So two continents and an ocean-in-between not stopping us, here we are in the land of our fore-fathers. Indians are fascinating, the more so because who has ever heard of a fat Indian? They're always pictured, seen or read about as tall, lean and lithe. After many hours of research work, the cause has been discovered. Their slimness is attributed to their method of hunting and warfare. In stalking their prey with bow and arrow, they slink in and out of woods — hiding behind trees. There's the cue — "hiding behind trees"! Can't you see how utterly useless a stout warrior would be in such a case? And what a perfect target for the enemy?

Many women today wistfully ponder over the luck of their sex in the Early American styles — with their huge hoopskirts to hide figure imperfections. Now while a hoopskirt is an abundant piece of material, an ample waist is — an ample waist. We must remember that even hoopskirts had their limitations.

We can imagine that even in such out-of-the-way places as the Polar Regions, the inhabitants are mindful of overweight. Doubtless, an Eskimo woman planning to go on a diet would be told by her itinerant doctor — " . . . and keep away from that whale meat, there's entirely too much blubber in it."

Ah, well, era after era, weight or rather the over accumulation of it has been one of the evils of civilization. — And there is no evidence of today's appetites decreasing at all. The only thing that is decreasing, is the will-power to stay away from those nasty old calories.

AH - AH! I caught you! — Put down that cream puff!



WOMEN ARE UNPREDICTABLE

(continued from page 16)

Sal pulled herself out of the hammock and set off for the house. She sure suits the action to the word, Bru thought, and then remembered that Steve would be on the other end of the wire. Bru settled himself in the vacated hammock for the first peaceful sleep in three days.

It was a bare half hour before the vice-president of the senior class would be expected to arrive at the Prom and the bright dresses of the three girls were making splashes of gay color against the navy blue of Ed's uniform.

Simp and Bru looked at each other in disgust. They should have known. The uniform was stiff competition, and they hadn't counted on it.

He thought Joan would have had more sense. After all, one of these days he'd be in uniform himself.

"Who is going to do me the honor this evening?" Ed looked at the three fascinated faces gazing into his. He felt a little confused.

"Does the boy have to be diplomatic about it?" Bru muttered to Simp. "They're practically falling all over him now."

He hoped his voice wouldn't crack because he wanted more than anything else, to sound masterful.

"Ed is taking Ellen, as planned." Ellen looked quite radiant. "And Joan you are coming with me, as planned."

"But Bru, I wouldn't mind going with Ed, if you want to take Ellen."

He wished she didn't look so pretty. It would be easier to be stern.

"Joan Bayles, you're my girl. I am taking you to the Prom — and no one else." He felt like a brute. He wasn't quite prepared for the reaction either. She came over quite docilely and put her arm through his.

"Oh Bru," she sighed, "you really are super."

Now there you are, he thought: Women! They sure are unpredictable! But he held her hand tighter.

ALUMNAE NEWS

FROM THE INQUIRIES OF THE UNDERGRADUATE BODY AS TO THE NATURE AND kinds of jobs that had occupied it this summer, we got the brilliant idea that it would be interesting to find out what the various alumnae were doing. Delving into the files, scouting our acquaintances, we brought to light these facts. We hope you will find the perusal of this as interesting as we found the investigation.

First on the list is Sister St. Francis of Assisi who is Eva Flinn of the class of '21. She is a prisoner of war in China. The last news of her was that she was living at a French convent. This last bit of information came from letters that were brought home on the Gripsholm.

Marian Doyle, daughter of Marian McKenna Doyle '21, is the first daughter of an alumna to enter the armed forces. Marion Clark McManus' boy is the first son to enter the service. Both in the Navy.

Here's one of interest to upperclassmen. Martha Quinotte '34, former registrar, is Employee Counsellor at Headquarters of the Second Service Command.

Josephine Pisani, '34 also, is known familiarly as the brain of Queens College. She is a full time instructor of Political Science at the College.

For those who have the wanderlust, we looked up Catherine Farley and Dorothea Sommer '36. They just returned from Mexico in June, where they visited the Indian Markets of Toluca, the famous Mexican silver center, and the Pyramids of Teohuacan.

Among the out of towners are Beatrice Hunkele and Elizabeth Bressi '39, living in Portland Oregon. They are teaching in a Child Service Center at "Oregon Ship." This is a nursery school, operated 24 hours a day, planned and erected by the Maritime Commission.

Quite a few of the St. Joe's alumnae are outside the limits of the U. S. Betty Humann '37 has been in England with the Red Cross for some time. She has already met and spoken with the Queen Mother.

Elinor Monaghan '40 made the headlines recently. She is a librarian in Puerto Rico and escorted Mrs. Roosevelt through the Library on her recent visit there. The two had tea together.

Kathleen Mulligan '40 is in Australia with the Red Cross.

Barbara Griffiths '43 is planning to go overseas with the Red Cross in November. She expects to be sent to England with a Hospital Unit.

Anne Carrao '41 has made a name for herself in the field of science. She received honorable mention at American Chemists' Association in Cleveland for extraordinary work in connection with her research work, while studying for her M. A. at Catholic U.

Anne Lewis '42 has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Marine Reserve.

Ann Decker '43 is an assistant statistical engineer and says that without stuttering with American Telephone and Telegraph.

Anne Lee '43 is a buyer for Abraham and Strauss.

Margaret Von Bronkhorst '43 is manager of the Fifth Avenue branch of Doubleday Doran.

Rosemary Glynn '43 is majoring in Institutional Management, an interest developed by her position as Assistant Manager at one of the residence halls at Columbia University.

Yes, you can point with pride to the alumnae — and promise yourself that you too can do something interesting when you finally have that sheepskin tucked under your arm.

" . . . the happy autumn fields."

Tennyson

"All-cheering Plenty with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn."

Burns

"Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness."

Keats

"God has two dwellings: one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart."

"Autumn's the mellow time."

Allingham

SUMMER JOBS

. . . Dorothy Harrington

DO YOU YEARN TO MIX IN INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE? ARE YOU ANXIOUS TO do secret war work, to be known as X-5 rather than by your Christian name? Can't you see yourself burning the midnight oil with men in uniform hovering over your shoulder, getting out a convoy loaded with vital material? Such was the experience of Gloria Lawrence last summer. She was even suspected of being an enemy agent because of her knowledge of German. Besides all this interest and excitement during working hours, there was extra-curricular glamour. Every Friday night a formal was held — and Gloria attended **every week!** (take that green look off your face.—Ed. Note).

Along with all the rest of the wonders, there were visitors. Elizabeth's brother, resplendent in a red uniform and the Duke of Windsor came in to bestow the blessings of the Crown on the company. Fearful of a rush of applicants next summer, Gloria is withholding exact name and address!

The Arsenal Building! Sounds important, doesn't it? This is the building in Central Park that overlooks the Zoo, and in which all the important affairs of the inhabitants of the Zoo are taken care of. Every visitor to New York stops to admire the Arsenal and to investigate said building. There is simply loads of interesting work to do, such as keeping the Polar bears in a comfortably air-conditioned cage in mid-July. Besides the corps of engineers housed in the Arsenal, there are psychologists on hand at all hours of the day to see that the Pandas are well-adjusted and happy in their new environment. Magda Crowe worked in the pay-roll department in this fascinating place. If, like some naive visitor, you're wondering if Magda handled the allowances of the animals, the answer is no. As she put it — "Very invigorating work — pushed a pen all summer!"

. Driving a staff car for the Army can be hard as well as exciting work. Kyle Anderson had just such an assignment. Her special duty was to chauffeur an Army Nurse, on her tour of outlying towns, checking up on absentees. When not needed by the nurse, Kyle had other duties, such as driving a truck down to Dayton, Ohio, Railroad station for mail, carrying money to the banks, and her passengers ranged from Buck Privates to Generals. Maybe you don't think the above constitutes work but there was more to it. Do you like being a grease monkey? Well, working for the Army includes that too. There's no such thing as a clinging vine. Take it from Kyle, who knows what it means to wash an Army car, check the tires and oil and do any patching up that might be required. Her dad and uncle are both high-ranking officials in the Army Air Forces.

ROMANTIC BARD

"When reading Byron's poetry, I anticipated the next line with eagerness—but I believe his technique is theatrical, and just as John Donne used sharp, precise forms to shock his readers into attention, Byron jumps from one thought to another, sometimes bringing in foreign ideas which do not belong to the poem at all."

Gloria Delatour

"In *Childe Harold*, I find the man Byron. He is a lover of strength, moody, self-centered, restless. Behind Byron there is something strong, urging—he couldn't find his place, and was like a fly in summertime, never 'lighting anywhere for too long a time.—Byron seems to be the unattainable hero. You today are the girl but you know tomorrow it will be somebody else."

Bette Cooney

"After the poor reception of his first work, Byron gave vent to his anger in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. He strikes at the weaknesses of the older romantics, particularly Wordsworth. Byron accuses him of being the hero of *Idiot Boy*."

Margaret Donlan

"Byron's poetry is subjective to such a degree that one can almost put a picture of the man together in one's mind.—As a critic, Byron was to some degree very accurate. (Southey's works when compared to Byron's, are like comparing water to wine—one is weak and transparent, while the other is strong and full of life.)"

Mary Sparrow

"Keats' poetry has done for me what many great artists have failed to do—he has given me beautiful pictures to see.—My idea of a beautiful picture is Keats' *Madeline* kneeling before the open casement—

'She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
Save wings for Heaven—'."

Grace White

"Others may like to keep their heads in the clouds with Shelley, or strike to the very bottom of man's foundations with Byron, but I prefer to wander on an intensified earth with Keats.—There is something earthy and tangible about Keats. Perhaps it was a quality fostered by the fact that he knew he was being gradually drawn away from tangible things."

Carol Hession

ND SOPH REVIEWERS

"In Keats' poetry is born the 'passive side of the Romantic Movement'.—He is tranquil; peace walks through his poetry.—It is the peace which fuses past and present, eliminating the need for time."

Rita Geiling

"Because of his premature death, Keats lives in our minds, like the lover he describes in his poem, as a figure 'forever young'.—Like all the romantic poets, he loved nature, and to him as 'one who has been long in city pent', it was 'sweet to look into the fair and open face of Heaven'. Keats sings of nature in calmer moods.—His sea 'keeps eternal whisperings around desolate shores', while Byron's is a 'wild steed' to be tamed."

Ruth Chillingworth

"In every day events, Shelley seems almost a child. His over-sensitivity, his instinctive rebelliousness, his thoughtlessness and strange quirks of character were unfit for the realistic world in which he lived. In his poetry, his evident lack of common sense seems to become high poetic imagination; his aimlessness, an unending search for the spirit of absolute beauty.—He seems to have reached a full understanding of life only in his poetry."

Ann Rogan

"Although Shelley is a poet who feels rather than thinks, I'd rather read him than any other poet. He can paint a picture with his words, and make you dreamy with his poetry."

Kay Hy Lind

"Who is better equipped than Shelley to write 'the feathery cloud' as 'still as a brooding dove'?—The sensitivity which enables him to leave this world, and express beauty in the language of warmth and feeling can be likened to his lines from *To a Skylark* where

'Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire—'."

Margaret Vigilant



Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers

... MARGARET HALSEY

IN HER FIRST BOOK SINCE *WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME*, MISS HALSEY COMBINES scintillating wit with a keen understanding of every day problems.

Not only does canteen-hostess Gretchen have to counsel her soldier-scientist brother via the mails, and cajole her highly perturbable father at home, but in addition, she must contend with Mr. Tom Garrett, the boarder, who " - - - has all the qualities you are supposed to get from taking vitamin pills - - -". As her letters unfold, Gretchen vividly depicts the trying events of daily life in a canteen and gives vent to her wildly fluctuating sentiments toward the aviator-boarder.

Into this background, Miss Halsey has projected an arresting discussion of the racial problem. Under her facile touch, it not only provides a fresh viewpoint and practical application, but actually bolsters the tenuous plot.

Her technical ability is evident in the integration of material and in the skillful transitions in the letters. Pithy characterizations and sparkling dialogue are in no way impaired by the form she chose for the novel. Rather, the pungent similes thrive within this limited scope, and the overall effect is light and frothy. For sheer gaiety and appeal, read *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers*. You'll love it.

F. B.

Anna And The King Of Siam

... MARGARET LANDON

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM BY MARGARET LANDON, IS SEVENTY-FIVE PER cent fact and twenty-five per cent fiction based on fact." This only proves, that truth is stranger, and often more exciting, than fiction. Anna Leonowens, the heroine of Mrs. Landon's book, went to the court of the King of Siam, where she was engaged to teach the Royal children English, and to aid the king with his correspondence. The king was a typical Oriental monarch, with complete disregard for the rights of the individual. The women of the Palace were in reality, prisoners, with no hope of escape. The classes conducted by Anna were the only relief to the monotony of their lives.

Mrs. Landon takes us through the market place of Bangkok, with its noisy crowds, into the palaces of the nobility, inside the king's harem. We witness brutal tortures, sacred religious rites, and even the death of the great Abbot, Chao Khun Sa. Upon finishing the book, we feel well acquainted with the strange customs and characteristics of these people. The charming illustrations by Margaret Ayer are a great help in creating an Oriental atmosphere.

Although the book reads like an Eastern fairy-tale, it is a history of the actual events in the life of a real person. Mrs. Landon collected her material from authentic Siamese records, private letters, and the writings of Anna Leonowens, herself. Both she and Miss Ayer, the illustrator, have lived in Siam and they have combined their talents to create an appreciation for the kindness and courage of Anna Leonowens, known to Bangkok as "the White Angel."

H. A. S.

The Columnists

. . . CHARLES FISHER

MR. FISHER ADDS UNDER THE TITLE "A SURGICAL SURVEY" AND HE CERTAINLY dissects our revered ladies and gentlemen of the "colyums".

In a brief introductory chapter, the author traces the rise of the columnist in the newspaper game to the top rung of the ladder of fame. Then he really goes to work. Dottie Thompson is his first victim, and he describes her as "the principal lady mental welterweight of our current civilization". Her globe-trotting and adventures have been fodder for her profitable enterprise of columnning. Once when asked if she were going to run for President, she replied that the time was not yet ripe. Sinclair Lewis — her husband at the time — said if she became President, then he would write "My Day".

The men who claim to know more about the strategy of this war than the Supreme High Command are grouped under the title of "Military Experts". Mr. Fisher says of them: "It is the only trade on earth in which an expert can function each day without any obligation to be correct in his prophecies, accurate in his analyses, or so demonstrate that he knows much about the matter he is discussing." Mr. Fisher is candid in his treatment of these men, such as Major George Fielding Eliot, and supplies a chart of their right and wrong guesses that must be embarrassing to these armchair generals.

No one escapes the author's operating table from Lippman and Winchell to the lesser known writers. He delves into their private foibles and exposes their weak points. The writing is done in a style that is mirth-provoking and breezy. It's a worthwhile book to read for an unusual slant on the men and women who shape the opinions of so many Americans.

H. G.

"Where waving woods and waters wild
Do hymn an autumn sound."

E. B. Browning

WITH HIS PRESENTATION OF **A WALK IN THE SUN**, PRIVATE HARRY BROWN achieves one of the best war stories of our time. He expresses with vigor a stirring episode of a platoon of American soldiers on the outskirts of a beachhead in Italy. This novel concerns but a few hours in which they live a lifetime.

So well does Private Brown depict action, combined with individual thoughts and emotions of men in the wake of death, that the tenseness of every moment is conveyed to the reader who is given a glimpse not only of the hazards and horrors of war but of the men themselves . . . men who face not only a human foe but another more foreboding, the terror of watching and waiting, of uncertainty looming in their midst.

Bereft of their leader and facing panic, the crisis of the moment produces a marvelous feat of leadership in one of the corporals whose quick thinking saves them from almost inevitable death as an enemy tank suddenly appears. Heartened and encouraged by their new leader, the men go forward but this time with the determination and stoicism of the invincible.

The story is a simple one, of American boys fighting to get their job done but it brings us closer to them and presents most vividly the reality of war, the physical and mental torment and the "hardness" that becomes so much a part of the soldier. The author is particularly deft in his use of language for it possesses not only virulence and power but beauty that is lasting. It is a story that may well be a symbol of World War II.

M. M.



Soldier's Wife

... ROSE FRANKEN

SOLDIER'S WIFE IS ROSE FRANKEN'S NEW VARIATION on the theme of her highly successful **Claudia**. The play is a charming presentation of a basically familiar theme.

The plot revolves around a young couple's encountering a momentary difficulty but it does not attempt to solve any problems. The wife in the case has written a series of letters to her husband while he is in the Pacific, and after he is medically discharged the letters are published. Offers are made by the screen and newspapers which all seem very inviting but the little wife decides her place is home and with her husband and baby.

Martha Scott, who plays the leading role, does so most attractively. She is a cheerful actress and portrays the character of the bargain searcher and light headed little wife skillfully. Myron McCormick, the patient and likeable young husband who understands the strange spasms of his wife, plays the part easily and well.

Soldier's Wife is far from a perfect play but it has a certain amount of charm, good acting and enough bright dialogue to prove attractive and to make it one of the season's entertaining shows.

M. S.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA

(Since literature is a reflection of the times in which we live, the records of these years of struggle will be portrayed far better in the letters, the poetic output, or the humorous essays of our soldiers, than ever a history book could record them in factual data. For this reason, we are printing the following articles, excerpts from sketches written by an Army officer stationed in New Guinea. They were submitted to Loria by Catherine Phillips, '45).

THE ROADS IN NEW GUINEA MAY HAVE BEEN WASHBOARDS, BUT HERE THEY have taken the boards out. The worst detour in the states is a four-lane highway by comparison. Except along the beaches, the roads are no more than slashes in the jungle. Judging from the condition of their surfaces, these short cuts to perdition must have been made by aerial bombardment.

There are a few coral ridges inland. The tracks usually parallel these, some distance from the crest. This makes for splendid drainage — for the top of the ridge. The excuse for a road serves admirably as a culvert, its bed holding water beautifully. Only heavy trucks can make their way into the interior. Even then it's necessary to have two men in the cab — one drives, the other rides as navigator. Every truck flies a strip of colored cloth about two feet above its top to aid in locating it, should the engine conk out in a chuck hole. To cross one of the ridges is like negotiating Niagara in a barrel, starting from the bottom of the falls.

An MP. looked askance at a heavily laden truck whose driver was shifting gears, preparatory to climbing one such cascade. "How do you figure on getting that junk pile to the top?" he asked.

"Easy," answered the driver, "I just dumped a couple of cans of salmon into the gas."

Speaking of roads, the signs that border them sure look like home. The uninitiated upon approaching a nondescript collection of tents, might be surprised to see a sign which reads "Goochi City Limits. Watch for women and children." A truck driver on his daily route uses US 9 "the second route to Jaberwok, 26 miles."

The taste for showcard artistry is not limited to the roads. Signal Corps trucks bear the legend "New Guinea Tel and Tel." The dental clinic is adorned with a huge tooth across which "Molar Maintenance" is printed, while the mess hall becomes "Rick's Roadside Rest. Good Food Infrequently."

The American public should be treated to some zippy advertising after the war if these boys have a hand in it.

I've discovered a new way of coming cropper in the Southwest Pacific without rating a Purple Heart. It is all very simple. You just have to try to find your way home at night without a light. South Sea nights are supposed to be filled with magic, but they're as dark as night any place else.

There is coral all over the island. To most folks, coral are the busy little submarine fellows that died in the same place so the travel agencies could make a fortune passing off a lot of reefs and stuff as romantic. The coral rises in terraces as one moves inland. It pops up all over the place. It's doubtful whether the island

is dirt with coral outcroppings or coral in sad need of a good dusting.

Coral is a nice soft sounding word but one look at a chunk of it is enough to convince anyone that it's the first cousin to Gibraltar, with the smoothness of broken beer bottles. Negotiating them at night is like playing Blind Man's Bluff in a revolving door.

Our sojourn here is costing me the loss of a pair of old friends, the first set of G.I.'s that Uncle ever put on my feet. They have visited the cobbler four times. I have a sentimental attachment for them, babying them along, even shining them sometimes. Their requiem is being sung. It saddens me. Everytime I see a native tripping barefooted across the coral I think, "There, but for the Q.M., go I".

To generalize on the work being done by Chaplains is almost impossible. We Catholics have a term, Father Confessor, that conveys the meaning somewhat, for to him the G.I.s bring their problems, seeking advice and help. He listens to girl troubles, family troubles, and sergeant troubles, and he goes out of his way to help. The Chaplain and his assistants are busy men. These last come in for their share of praise too. Ordinary Joes, known as towel holders to their buddies, these men do a good deal of the sky pilot's leg work. Lew Ayers, the actor, took a bust from sergeant to Pfc. to get the job, and serves as an assistant at a base near here.

The secret of the Chaplain's success is that he is no holier-than-thou. One night during manoeuvres back at the states, our bivouac was under attack. Milling around in the dark, one of the guys cracked his shin on a log, and his anger got the best of him.

"Shaddup, dope," hissed his buddy. "The Chaplain's around here someplace."

The Chaplain's voice came through the darkness. "Go ahead and cuss soldier. It's your leg."

Our ball park is halfway around the world from Bedford Avenue. There aren't any turnstiles, stands or score cards, and the hatless fans are supplanted by shirtless troops — not a Series crowd maybe, but enough to have a game with a couple of Joes left over for kibitzing.

A signboard says the place is Ebbet's Field, but there the resemblance ends. The diamond is a field cleared of Kunai grass and levelled with a bulldozer. The outfield is rocky, the infield dusty, while the backstop is a wierd collection of rusty wire strung on poles out in the jungle, and serves merely as a strainer for passed balls. The bats are split, the gloves mouldy, and the balls have all the resiliency of mashed potatoes. Sandlot stuff is Big League in New Guinea.

A G.I. yells, "Hey, lieutenant, save me a lick!", while the sergeant coaching at first goes into the advanced stages of apoplexy screaming at the runner, "Get the load of coal off your back, colonel!" Strange doings, but you get used to lots of things in New Guinea.

In Case You Didn't Know

1. A. DOLORES HUGHES
2. MARGOT SCHULTE
3. RUTH CHILLINGWORTH
4. BETTE COONEY

THE LAST WORD

(continued from page 7)

As usual, Hattie was up early, but Josh was treading on her heels. When breakfast was over, he remembered an errand that would take him up to Bicketts', and set off. Hattie breathed easier and went out to tend the hens.

Around ten-thirty Josh re-appeared smiling slyly. Suddenly his eye lit on Walt Whipple, busily ripping down the rotting timbers of the old well frame. Wordless, he puffed past Walt to the back dooryard. There, where the new rake should have been shining was Hattie, mulching the loam in her cold-frames. Looking up she announced,

"It'll be time to set these plants out soon, Josh. I'd like it if you'd spade up those beds out front."

For a second, Josh was speechless. Then he recovered—

"Hattie, where's my rake? And don't go acting innocent on me."

Hattie rose.

"Josh Perkins, you hold on to your horses for a minute and listen to me. You can rant all you want, but you didn't need that rake. Only time you wanted it was when you saw money going out for something you hadn't said your say about. Walt's going ahead with that well and that's all there is to it."

Josh wilted. His eyes took on a look of beagle-like mourning. Then his back stiffened. He marched into the barn, returning with his stone jug.

"All right, Hattie," he stated flatly, "If that's the way you feel about it, all right. I'm going down to Bicketts' an' I don't know when I'll be back."

"You'll be back when you and Henry Bickett get outside what's in that jug. Two old fools—s'pose you might as well get it out of your system."

She looked after his retreating indignant figure and chuckled.

"I can hear him now if I win that prize, boasting all the way from Bickett's up to the Timmons' place."



PROGNOSIS FOR A PROCRASTINATOR

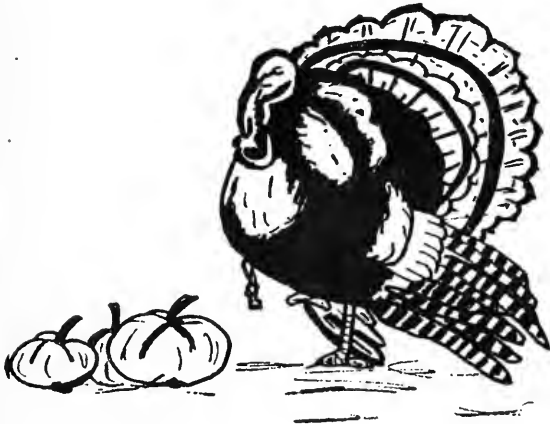
I sing the lament of a typical case
 That fits neither with fowl nor with fish
 Whose preoccupation resembles a race—
 For whom being on time's but a wish!!
 A specimen rare, in a class all its own;
 It's distinguished by one irksome trait.
 How can folks endure it, or much less condone
 When persistently one will be late?
 The ten o'clock scholar doth three bells abhor
 As she sprints in from trolley or cab—
 She'll dawdle, and doodle; time schedules ignore,
 Stop with neighbor or mail man to gab.
 You ask for some tonic or strong antidote
 To combat this unfortunate's foe?
 It's clear it's quite chronic,—an ailment remote
 With the motor reflex geared to "slow".
 In vain, have alarm clocks been sought to insure
 A conformance to daily routine.
 In spite of all stimuli, fleshpots perdure
 And a few precious winks will she wean.

M. Q.

According to a freshman, our Chapel doesn't look like a Catholic Chapel—
 "No poor box!"

A certain Soph in green glasses thinks squirrels are rats in fur coats!
 A sentimental St. Joe's alumna, now teaching English, recently received
 a proposal via the mail. She sighed deeply and said—
 "Tsk, tsK: Run-on sentence!"

A befuddled Junior tearing her hair over book reports moaned—"It's not
 neurosis — it's just St. Joseph's!"



LAMENT

It's easy to blame
 the "blues"
 on too much
 war news
 gov'ment dues
 aah - choos'
 or not enuf'
 gum chews
 rationed shoes
 moonlit cruise
 really tho'
 it's no news
 from ship crews
 like you-se.

ONCE IN A WARTIME

Honestly I'm so excited
 I've no time to be delighted!
 I never dreamed that this could be—
 And yet it is—"ack-shally!"
 (This is really quite important:
 Ought I wear a hat or oughtn't?)
 (Perhaps a drop or two or three
 of Suivez-Moi or Toujours-Me?)
 That happiness so very rare
 Is mine, is more than I can bear!
 O Joy and Bliss! O cheerful Fate!
 —And why, you ask?
 I have a DATE!

J. A.

SCRIPTUM

DAILY DOZEN

I creak and groan
In every bone
And feel an age
As yet unknown
To us.
Analysis
Of that and this
Will surely show
Paralysis
De luxe.
A broken nail,
A cheek not pale,
A twisted wrist
Coiffures so frail
They muss,
Are just a whim
Not meant to dim
The precious hope
Of being slim.
O' shucks!

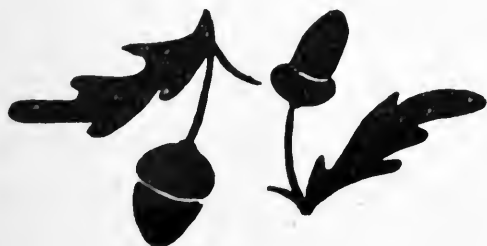
P. McG.

Strictly a steal from George Gordon B.

Hour Quiz

Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been happier than I now can be;
The assignments which have torn me would have slept,
Profs had not suffered, and I hadst not wept.

M. C.



"FOR I'M PACKIN' MY GRIP"

Occasionally when I sit in the movies I'm struck by certain things, excluding peanut shells from the mezzanine, peculiar to and yet steadfastly upheld by Hollywood script writers. Perhaps in their world these little conventions are typical; maybe I've lived too long in my ivory tower.

I refer specifically to the Hollywood method of packing a suitcase. In the first place, suitcases are never packed in leisurely fashion. In the case of the typical male packer, there is first a heated argument, shouts of "This is about all I can stand of this", and following these weighty words, the sound of a suitcase being violently snapped open. No matter what the destination, about the only items considered necessary for the complete wardrobe are socks and shirts — of which the typical leading man always has a profuse supply on hand.

When the sweet young thing packs a suitcase, according to the law of Metro, she does so through a hazy mist of tears. For any girl there is only one accepted method — to open the bureau drawers, and between soulful sighs, to throw the contents either singly or en masse into a waiting bag. Folding doesn't seem to enter into the process. But while you're still pondering how she'll get the creases out of that negligee, the sweet young thing has a good cry, thinks it over, and begins to wonder if after all "her trip is necessary." What happens to the still open, half-packed suitcase is never revealed, but in a poll of about 25 such scenes, 98% yielded no additional information, while the remaining 2% came from pictures about househunting in wartime Washington.

The men, although incomplete packers, usually manage to close their suitcases and carry them as far as the door. There, however, with the possible exception of *Gone With the Wind*, occurs the big reconciliation scene, and the suitcase is set down and apparently assumes a new lease on life as a doorstep. What will be done with this motley assortment of unused suitcases should offer a challenge to some producer to do a 'short', entitled "The Art of Unpacking" or "How to Get a Grip on Yourself."

M. J. F.

EDITORIALS

Agnes Fennelly, Editor-in-Chief

WITHIN THE PAST FEW WEEKS, AN OLD AND EVER-PRESENT PROBLEM HAS BEEN brought to the fore at St. Joseph's. It is a problem which concerns both religious sincerity and argumentative technique as practiced by the girls of the College. Doubt has arisen in many minds about how well prepared the average St. Joseph's girl may be in respect to her ability as defender of her Faith. The girls who held summer jobs were particularly disturbed because, no matter how conclusive the arguments they offered in defense and exposition of Catholic doctrine, their non-Catholic associates were not convinced.

It seems to us that these girls probably did St. Joseph's and themselves credit, but by their very surprise at the reactions of their opponents, they seem to show a little too much idealism, coupled with not enough realism.

In the first place, it would give us a much greater surprise if someone had been convinced. Diogenes spent years searching for an honest man, but if he had tried to find one whose mind was completely open and without prejudice, he'd have had a life-time job. Every man will fight for what he believes is his own, and the ordinary man behaves no differently where religion is concerned. Many of us seem to think that non-Catholics are united in a vast brotherhood, whose main purpose is to be stubborn, hard-headed, and quite unfair about the whole matter of conversion. Too often we look on them as perverse children, who know what they should do, but take wilfull pleasure in not doing it.

We are privileged in having the gift of Faith. It is a gift to be cherished, but also to be shared. A gift, however, ceases to be desirable when it is forced on someone, and its precious quality is lost when the receiver neither understands nor appreciates the value of the gift. Sometimes it is possible to teach him; sometimes it is not — for Faith does not come from the outside.

Many of us have been conscious but a few years of the necessity for explaining Catholic doctrine, and our reception thus far may have discouraged us. It is hard work convincing people. But consider the priests of the Church — they have been working ceaselessly for two thousand years to convert the world. They'll tell you it's slow work, but they're not discouraged. They have God's promise that they will succeed. If our individual efforts seem fruitless now, we must not forget that it is sometimes good to seem a failure for God's sake.

Does the scent of gardenias, or maybe roses, come to tease you, vaguely reminding you of something from out of the past — when Saturday night was something more than a prelude to Sunday morning? Do you stand in front of a Rogers Peet window, looking at the civilian tweeds and knitted ties — trying hard for the “willing suspension of disbelief”? Do you look through the Society page of the Times, and gaze fascinated at the brides, while turning a pale green? In short, have you considered your present status lately, and decided that your theme song is “Darling, I Am Growing Older”?

Now that you’re feeling waves of nostalgia, we’ll come to the point. You’ve no doubt seen that little booth in the front hall — you pass it every day. That’s right — the Defense Booth where you can buy war stamps and bonds. Since you’re in school, there’s a limit to what you can do to help bring this war to a close. If you’ll just remember to put those extra dimes and quarters into War Stamps, to bring our fighting men home soon, maybe you won’t have to dream of gardenias and knitted ties, and by your very real support of the Defense Committee, you can change your theme song to “Victory Polka”.

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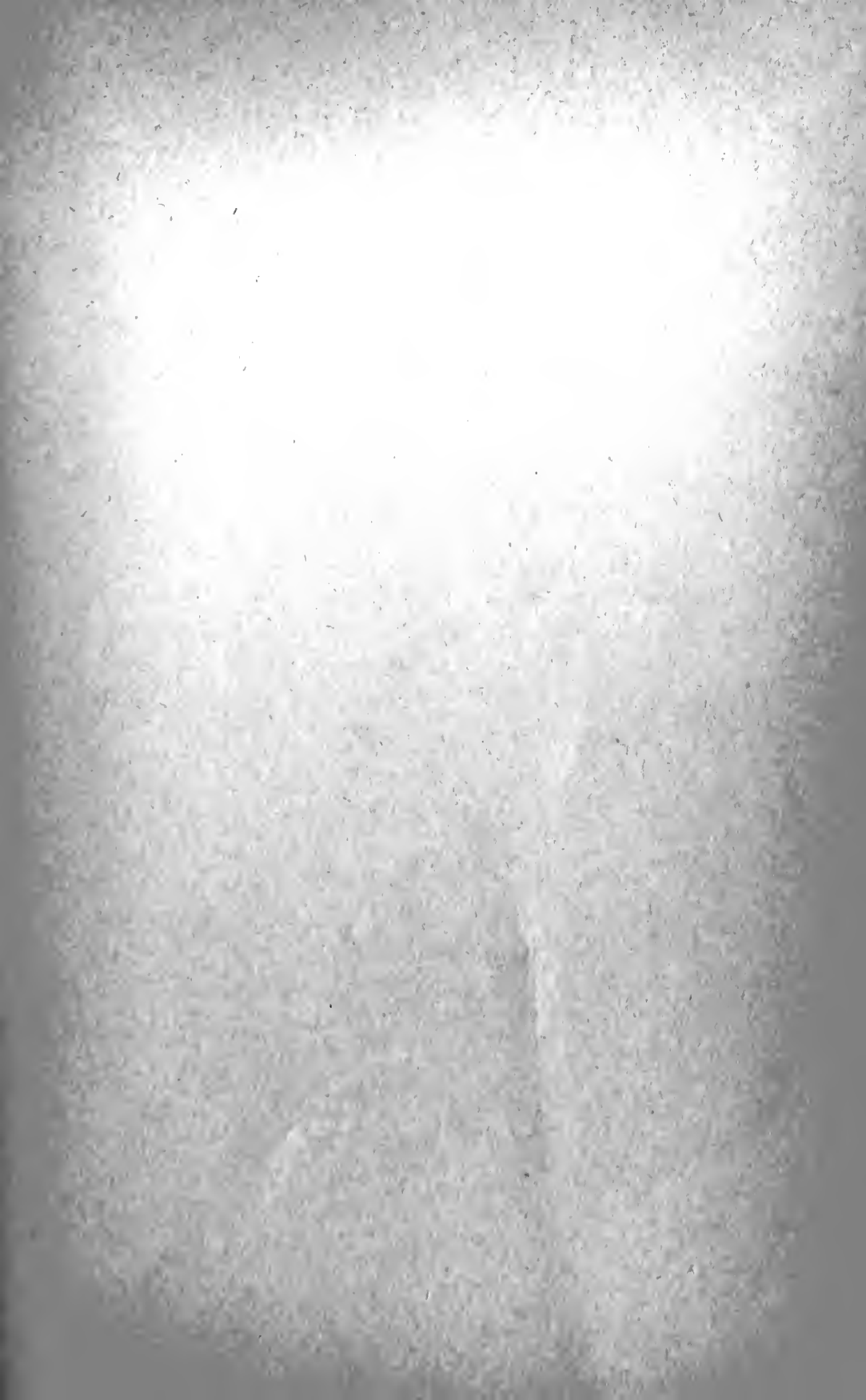
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Loria



Christmas

'1944



St. Joseph's College for Women

2



St. Joseph's College for Women



Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes, lying in a manger:

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Joyeux and the Taper

MAE CALHOUN

EVERYBODY WAS BUSY THAT NIGHT — THE HEAVENS SEETHED WITH anticipation. Gabriel was distractedly trying to locate a missing trumpet, Peter's blunt brown fingers carefully tested the gate hinges whilst the cherubim solemnly polished myriads of golden halos. Yes, everybody was busy — that is, all but one.

He sat forlornly, with drooping wings, on a small misty puff in a corner near the shining gate. His black curls were rumped and there was a suspicion of a tear in the dejected brown eyes. Gazing down at the wings ruefully, he heaved a penitent sigh:

"They do look sort of singed," he murmured, "but it wasn't really my fault. They'll never let me go tonight — and I practised so hard too."

The cherubic face wrinkled and two tear drops stole down the chubby cheeks. He brushed them away, and the burnt taper still clutched in his hand left a dark streak across the woebegone countenance. Just then Gabriel rushed by and Joyeux tugged at the end of the gold encrusted robe.

"Could I — ", the little voice peeped.

"No, you can't," answered the celestial chieftain, "you would probably set all heaven on fire. We were fortunate the other night, that the Seraphim decided not to practise and were here to extinguish the blaze. No, Joyeux, you were careless, so you may not go with the others."

"But I only tried—"

"I said 'No'," Gabriel continued, "and don't bother me again tonight. I must find the music for the choir, Martin misplaced it a moment ago."

Joyeux subsided: "It's no use," he thought, "they won't listen to me, and tomorrow it will be too late."

The sounds of bustling activity became more intense as the moments passed and the subdued murmur of excitement resembled the hum of a thousand hives of bees. The usually sedate and dignified Principalities winged about with unaccustomed haste, even the august Powers displayed an unwonted amount of anxiety. Clearly, this was to be a momentous night.

The little cloud drifted until it almost touched the resplendent gates, which Peter prized so highly, since they were inlaid with genuine mother-of-pearl. Joyeux peeped thru the glittering bars.

"My but it's dark down there," he murmured, "they'll have to work mighty hard to brighten all that up. I wish I could go, but then there's no use asking again, nobody will listen to me anyway."

A thin silver note pierced the heavens and a deep silence pervaded the celestial throng. Silently they formed shining ranks, and Joyeux gasped at the magnificent sight. Never had there been a more gorgeous spectacle in heaven. Tall splendid angels quivering with beauty and eagerness, small feathery winged cherubims with a sweet gravity shining in their young eyes.

Peter flung the gates wide — the younger ones, each carrying a lighted taper, filed past and scattered themselves, like creamy petals, about the midnight sky. A large group remained hand in hand, forming a misty milky band across the heavens — a veritable luminous pathway. Others formed clusters of twinkling stars, while still others fluttered along to their designated meteors. No stars must fall that night — so a special detail caught comets by their blazing tails and fastened them to the firmament. Another glance, and Joyeux saw the glorious Seraphim pass majestically into the outer world while their swinging jewelled censers reflected a changing kaleidoscope of brilliant color. A huge taper blazed brilliantly in the hands of Michael, most gorgeously attired, who led the heavenly procession.

Joyeux peered longingly after them, watching the magnificent array and the lighted taper especially, as the mission hastened earthwards. He leaned far out through the shining columns, and if Peter had not grasped the scorched gown just in time, he would certainly have gone tumbling through the ether.

"There you go again," scolded the kind saint, "always in trouble. What won't you think of next."

"I'm sorry, Saint Peter," Joyeux answered, "I was so anxious to watch the big taper, I forgot. I didn't mean to drop mine the other night either, but Innocent had fallen over a moon stone and when I was picking him up the light fell out of my hand.

"So that was it," mused Peter, "well, I'm sure Gabriel will be glad to hear it. He was just saying that it seemed a shame you couldn't go tonight because you do try very hard, but discipline was discipline. Well, well—," he was about to continue when Joyeux interrupted:

"Look, look Saint Peter," he cried, "the taper is out."

"What will we do," the good saint exclaimed, "that is a special light and there isn't time for them to come back and relight it. I must tell the Father." He hurried away and returned in a few moments with a burning taper, somewhat smaller than the first one.

"Now, Joyeux, listen closely," he said, "You must take this taper to Michael and be very careful it doesn't go out. When you get there, give him this message," Peter then placed both light and message in Joyeux's hands.

And so, the little angel in the scorched gown, hastily flew past the gates and down through the skies with beating heart. He carefully shielded the flame from the sweeping winds and finally arrived at the spot where Michael frantically waited.

The magnificently apparelled spirit read the message and turned to Joyeux saying:

"As a reward for your helpfulness the Father commands you to perform the task entrusted to me."

So saying he handed the burning taper to Joyeux and the little angel, trembling with happiness, lighted the greatest star in the heavens. At the same moment the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" resounded through the heavens and the Saviour was born.

Almost Always

MARGOT E. SCHULTE

"NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed round." The Greek historian Heroditus, who penned these noble words, hadn't counted on World War Two. Had he known it was going to arrive, I haven't the slightest doubt that to the impressive list of obstacles to be overcome he would have added the fallen arches and the slight spinal curvature, to which every mailman finds himself heir. Mail bags are heavy these days.

A typical mailman of the times is Mr. Conklin, who covers route six. A part of his burden on which he can always depend, is the daily correspondence between a PFC. in Corpus Christi, Texas, and his fiancée who makes small gun parts. Each day he carries one fat packet, sometimes more, written in a struggling undeveloped hand to the white house on Hampton Street. When a person relays messages day after day, the time is bound to come when his curiosity will get the best of him. This is the eternal struggle the mailman must wage with himself. Mr. Conklin is very fond of the PFC. in Corpus Christi, whom he had known for a great number of years, prior to his induction, as well as the fiancée of said private; and he thinks it would be no more than fair if a few informative postcards were forthcoming from Texas.

The rest of Mr. Conklin's route, for the most part, is equally interesting. The next three houses always receive their quota of bills, magazines and family correspondence. He is sure it is family correspondence because he very seriously checks the return addresses before dropping the mail thru the little slot in the front door, provided for the purpose. Mr. Conklin always waits for the soft 'plop' as the letters fall to the floor on the other side of the door. It gives him a peculiarly satisfied sensation to hear them reach their final destination.

There is never any mail for the next house whose number is 78 Hampton Street outside of a few uninteresting bills each month, but Mr. Conklin always waves at the upstairs window. He has a special feeling about passing that house by, since the letters marked "Free" don't arrive any more. They were the only kind of letters he had ever delivered to number 78, and now he knew there would never be any more.

Delivering mail to the next house, due to a previous experience always made him a little uneasy. It was occupied by an old man whose chief interest in life was the chess game he carried on, by mail, with an old friend in Kansas City. Evidently the old friend was as vitally interested, for every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday there was a long thin envelope in an uncertain hand. Mr. Conklin delivered these with some trepidation because the day the old man had had the heart attack was still fresh in his memory. He had delivered the letter as usual that morning and stopped for a chat

as the old man opened his mail with trembling fingers. As he unfolded the sheet and read it, his eyes had glistened, and his face had begun to get quite red.—"Now I've got him — after twenty-seven years — check and - - - mate." His excitement had been too much and the next minute had found Mr. Conklin gazing helplessly down at his limp form. (As a precautionary measure, Mr. Conklin had immediately enlisted in a First Aid Course given three evenings a week.) However, there had been no alarming re-occurrences. Evidently the Old Friend in Kansas City, had profited by his mistake, and was making no false moves.

At this point on route six, Mr. Conklin shifted his bag from one shoulder to the other. He had exactly eighteen more houses to do. He left four letters and a package (it rattled, sounded like it might be a ring) halfway down the next block where the pretty little blond girl conducted her private U.S.O.

Mr. Conklin hoped she'd take that nice young Ensign who used to live two blocks east.

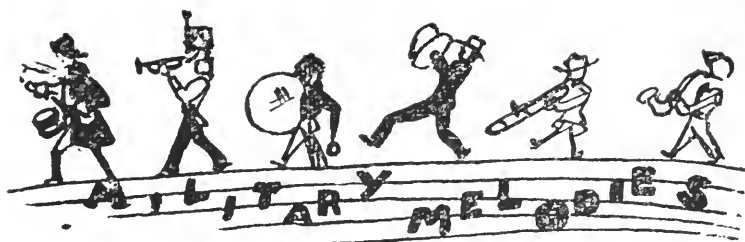
The twins lived at the corner house, and Mr. Conklin was immensely pleased that at last he had the police whistle and hand-cuff set they had sent for about six weeks ago. For five and a half-weeks, he had left disappointed faces at the gate each morning. For four weeks he had been explaining that he personally, was not responsible for the delay, and yes, he was sure they were not on the bottom of the bag, and of course he was positive they would arrive soon. Mr. Conklin was quite attached to the children, but it was with a sigh of relief that he handed each a small package with "Peppy Oats — The Hi-Vitamin Cereal," printed in each corner.

The last letter was going to be a treat to deliver. It was the first one the young bride in the stucco house had received from her flier husband in eight weeks. He was right — his anticipation of her happy excitement was exceeded by the actual scene—. She was quite radiant.

Unconsciously Mr. Conklin shifted from one foot to the other. The arch supports helped, but he was still tired at the end of the day. Walking up Hampton Street, toward home, in the early evening, he surveyed his route with pride. The heaviest in the district — and most of it mailed "Free". Delivering mail was almost always a satisfying job, he decided, as he turned up the path of his own house at number 78 Hampton. He glanced at the upstairs window—Almost Always.

*The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.*

—Tennyson.



HELEN BARRINGTON

"I KNEW A VERY WISE MAN WHO BELIEVED THAT IF HE WERE PERMITTED to make all the ballads of a nation he need care not who made the laws," said Andrew Fletcher, the Scottish patriot many years ago. And he might have added a word for the men who make the war songs to help win the wars. Far superior to edicts and oratory is a rousing song to rally a country to a cause, sustain morale, and strengthen its will to win. For singing dough-boys swing along with a lighter heart and a quickened cadence. As a recent writer put it, "Music when men are going into a charge uplifts the heart and makes it strong." A singing army is a cheerful army and a cheerful army is invincible. There has never been a major American war that did not produce at least one major song. No one can say what made these songs great — such is the fickle fancy of the public. To understand the songs, however, one must know the spirit and feeling of the people as well as the conditions under which the soldiers fought.

The story of American national airs begins with a breezy good-natured sort of a tune that men often laugh at, the familiar and eccentric **Yankee Doodle**. The earlier history of **Yankee Doodle** is shrouded in mystery, and like the story of the flood, the tune appears to flourish in the myths of every nation. The origin of its arrival in this country rests on tradition. In 1775, during the French and Indian War, Dr. Schuchour, a member of a British regiment, called to the attention of Colonial officers the old nursery tune which he assured them was a celebrated piece of martial music in England. The Colonists took to the air at once. Then came the Battle of Lexington and by a strange irony of fate the Colonists made the British dance to the tune of **Yankee Doodle**. Compared with later battle songs, **Yankee Doodle** dwindles to a medley of senseless stanzas but it had a remarkable popularity and power at a time when American colonists were making the supreme effort for independence.

To the friendship of one young man for another we are indebted in all probability for the song which became our National Anthem. When the British bombarded Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key, awaiting release of a very dear friend, Dr. Beamis, was placed on board H. M. S. Surprise. The chances of a few men holding out for any length of time against the terrible cannonade seemed very slim indeed to the mind of Key, who watched the bombardment from the deck of his vessel. At sunset, the flag still waved from the ramparts. Would it still fling its stars and stripes to the morning air or would the fort surrender? At seven A. M., a rift disclosed the flag still proudly

flying above the ramparts. In the stirring enthusiasm of that supreme moment, Key wrote a song as deathless as the flag itself, **The Star Spangled Banner**. No other nation possesses so noble an apostrophe to the flag. There are critics who contend that the words are not majestic, that the music is not easy, that the high note is out of reach. But with convincing emphasis another responds that the song represents the best traditions and the mighty resources of a nation of one hundred and thirty million free people.

As history moved on to the Civil War it was found that none of our national songs had words fitting to so unforeseen an event. Soon, however, songs arose which revealed not only the spirit of the sixties but also the story of the soldier in both armies.

The vogue of **Dixie** as a war song of the south seems to have originated in the excitement it caused when sung on the stage of the New Orleans Varieties Theatre in the spring of 1861. It had something of the dash of **Yankee Doodle** and it became the Southern song because the soldiers and people liked it. It may be hardly more than a jig as one Confederate officer called it, but **Dixie** is the only bit of war music that has outlived the Southern Confederacy.

Just as **Dixie**, the most popular song of the South was the work of a Northerner, so the great Northern marching song, **John Brown's Body** was of Southern origin, being an old camp hymn tune. While almost universally supposed to have originated in a grim tribute to the famous John Brown of Harper's Ferry, the song in the beginning was the outcome of an effort to make sport of a comical Scotchman connected with the twelfth Massachusetts Infantry. The late Richard Dana, Jr., writing of the fatherless song said, "It would have been past belief had we been told that the almost undistinguished name of John Brown should be whispered among four million of slaves and sung wherever the English language is spoken." The "Marseillaise of Emancipation," as the song has been called, served a great purpose and was a powerful agent in the result, a fact that was naively admitted by the enemy. "If we had had your songs, you never would have beaten us," is the remark said to have been made by a Confederate officer to a Northern one. This may be an exaggerated tribute to the power of song, but it emphasizes the fact that the war songs of the North had considerably more swing and vim to them than those of the South.

In contrast, the songs of the Spanish American war were so much more doleful than those of the Civil War. **A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight** seems to have possessed the distinction of being the one really gay song of that time. As we go back we find the witchery of this tune was such, that during our brief war with Spain, the Spaniards were quite convinced that **A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight** was our National Anthem.

If the spirit of every war is reflected in its songs, then one might conclude that World War I was merely the Great Adventure for the young men of 1917, for there is little seriousness in the soldiers' songs of that period. The answer lies in the fact that men are only too glad to divert their minds

Noel Knick-Knacks

PEGGY McGUIRE

HERE IT IS — THE CALENDAR SAYS THREE SHOPPING DAYS UNTIL Christmas — the term paper "due before the holidays" has just been handed in — and you have plopped into a chair in the Rec to relax. Oops! 'tis short-lived pleasure. Another mental monster looms — your Christmas shopping list.

Before you make like a B-17 for the DeKalb Avenue trolley car — think! Put individuality into your gifts. Why not buy something that you know will be enjoyed? It's easy — much more economical, too. By its very nature make your gift scream, "Margie" or "Sue", "Bill" or "Ed".

For your gal friends in college, a "What's Buzzin'" Bulletin Board is just the trick for a dorm room. Framed boards come in shades to blend with any color scheme. For those who like to snuggle into bed to study, a three way pillow props them up straight and prevents forty winks between Math problems. And to be really Collegy, a nightshirt, "grandpa style" is a must.

The girl with a fur jacket who complains the season for it is soooo short, will appreciate a wool half slip. Under a suit skirt it gives the warmth of a coat and extends the fur jacket season long into the winter. At a higher price, a wrap-around over skirt that can be removed indoors serves the same purpose.

For the deb's dresser, there is nothing nicer than a picture frame mirror. Standing on a vanity table it is perfect for applying make-up — the job a wall mirror laughs to scorn.

Speaking of dressers, snoop around to get the inspiration for a really personal gift. Face powder, rouge, lip stick, for that is **her** particular color will make a big hit. And **Milk Maid** lipstick has a novel touch — it's flavored. So "raspberry," as well as looking red berry-ish also **tastes** like its namesake. That sleuthing tour might reveal a nylon hair brush a little ragged around the edges or **HIS** picture in a wrong size frame, nail polish colors or perfume. And even if it is not her particular scent, who could resist the names **Laughter**, **Confetti**, **Flutter** or **Red Letter Day!** Cosmetics are nice presents this year because the tax has boosted the prices so much, people hesitate to indulge freely in their luxury. If you nod in agreement and then discover your pocketbook does not vie with the tax either, investigate the **Heaven Scent Choir** (angel shaped soap) — smells, mmm and is tax free.

A box of well assorted greeting cards — birthday, anniversary, get well, and those that have a space for notes and such — are a gift for any age, and writing paper in these days when social life is confined to air mail letters, is used up so fast that no one can have too much. The voëgue-ish miss likes unusual note-stuff with strawberries daubed all over the pages, or a forget-me-not border. Paired with a bottle of colored ink, your present will have a "different" touch. 'Tis no longer an insult to write even in red if it matches.

The personal angle makes the gift, so — for the knitter, wool for a

pair of socks or a sweater (according to the budget) is tops on the list. The record fiend, whether swing or slow, will enthuse over the latest discs, and the best seller addict will love a standard size leather or plastic cover to protect her books against subway travel. The plastic covers come in magazine size, too — which brings up subscriptions as a Christmas present that lasts all year round. From tiny tot to grandma, there is a magazine to fit the age. **Wee Wisdom** and **Child Life** are small fry favorites, **American Girl** pleases those of Girl Scout age. **Seventeen** for the sub-deb, **Mademoiselle** for the deb, any of the popular ladies' magazines for Mom, and **Reader's Digest** is a must for those who want a cross section of the latest views, condensed in pocket size. Makes a hit with service men, too.

If Mother says, "Nothing, dear," when you ask what she needs, and a little sleuthing reveals slips, stocking and gloves galore, remember that "the queen is in the kitchen." A few household gadgets can make her dawn-to-dusk job a little easier. A knife box to hang on the wall will mean no more fingers cut while rumaging in a kitchen table drawer. A tarnish proof chest for silver keeps it gleaming, means less polishing. Place-mats in cork, plastics or linens are attractive and gay — just the thing when you trip home from college late, for a supper that Mom has kept warm in the oven. Glass pots add glamour to the stove, keep the heat longer than their aluminum cousins and respond to a soapy lather in half the time. And when Mom's hands come out of the suds, she will love to have a bottle of **Elizabeth Arden's Hand Lotion** beside the sink to make sure "dish-pan hands" are merely something to read about in advertisements.

Dad and Brother will get the usual shirts, socks and ties with an "I-wonder-what-this-could-be" look. To make that look genuine, tuck in a **Yardley's Shaving Bowl**—smells nice but is truly masculine. Instead of the traditional slippers, give shower scuffs that have become so popular among service men. For your soldier, a sleeveless sweater is a must during the winter. Sweaters are not regulation, but a sleeveless one fits under a uniform jacket unnoticed. And do thank G.I. Joe if he has written a long letter to the folks at home telling just what he needs. That makes buying easy. It is the person with the hazy answer who tests your ingenuity.

When shopping, turn St. Nick with lots of knack — be individual!



The Poletown Mystery

DOROTHY HARRINGTON

THE TELEPHONE ON THE DESK AT THE POLETOWN POLICE STATION rang with a sharp brr—

"That sounds like trouble," remarked Inspector Lang to an aide.

"Sure hope it 'aint somethin' serious," said Joe Thoms as he picked up the receiver.

"Poletown Police Station, Lt. Thoms speaking."

"Hello Joel North speaking. We're having some trouble up here at the factory. Could you and the Inspector take a run up and straighten things out? Pretty important order, you know. Got to get it out on time."

"Okay, Mr. North. See you in about twenty minutes."

"Right again, Matt! Trouble up at North's."

"There goes our poker game," Lang yawned and put on his overcoat.

The two men bundled themselves up against the cold. As they opened the door of the Station House, the cold air slapped at them taking their breath away. They turned their coat collars up and headed into the wind. The sky was overcast with dark grey clouds.

"Looks like snow," mumbled Joe. "Guess we'll have a white Christmas!"

"Hope it doesn't storm too hard before we get back. I'd hate to have everything under control in no time," said the Inspector, getting to his feet.

The officers got in their car and turned into the East Road and headed for the factory. A half hour later they were welcomed by S. C. North, rotund, red-faced president of North Aircraft.

"What's the trouble, Mr. North?" asked Inspector Lang.

"We haven't been able to put a finger on the exact trouble, but the propellers aren't coming through on time. I don't like to accuse anyone, but this shipment of planes has to get out on time. I'm afraid it's sabotage."

"Got any ideas about who's behind the slow up?" Lt. Thoms asked.

"We'll get to work on it right away. A little cooperation and we'll complaining lately. Doesn't like the hours! Says he needs more relaxation! The usual griping around this time. With everybody working under a strain, you have to expect that sort of thing."

"Doesn't sound like sabotage. Anything unusual about complaints?" asked Inspector Lang.

"Not until a few days ago," continued North. "That's when the tie-up in the assembly line showed up."

"Well," Mr. North mused, "Gus Martin has been doing a lot of have to plough through those roads after a heavy snowfall," answered Matt. "Come on Joe, let's have a look around."

Inspector Lang and Lt. Thoms left the president's office and walked out on the balcony which overlooked the entrails of the great factory. The noise of Poletown on the job overpowered the men for a minute and wiped everything but admiration from their minds.

"Seems funny that one person could throw a monkey-wrench into a job this big," shouted Joe over the roar of the machinery.

"Who're you trying to impress, Einstein? Cut it out! We've got work to do."

Matt Lang began to amble down the length of the balcony followed by Joe Thoms, giving the appearance of two ordinary visitors. The men on the assembly line continued to tighten the screws and ignored the detectives. After a few minutes they stopped before a small, melancholy worker, who was staring into space. While he was busy day dreaming, the propellers came and passed him and the main screw was still on the table before him.

"Gee," mumbled Joe, "it's as easy as that—just stand and day-dream for a few minutes. When the props reach the end of the line, they're useless."

Glancing up and seeing the detectives, Gus Martin got back on the job.

"Take it easy now, Joe, we don't want to get everybody excited and mess up the whole thing," muttered Inspector Lang, tugging Joe's sleeve. "We'll wait till the whistle blows for lunch."

They continued their tour of inspection until the whistle blew its shrill note. All work ceased immediately and conversation soon buzzed over the roar of the machines.

Inspector Lang and Lt. Thoms walked over to Gus Martin. He eyed them furtively as they approached and looked hastily around him for a means of escape. No avenue being open to him he turned to meet them belligerently.

"You like your job?" Inspector Lang began the questioning.

Good as any, I guess," mumbled Martin.

"Been working here, long?" asked Thoms.

"What's it to yuh?"

"You know what it means to get these planes out on time?" said Matt Lang.

"Yeah, I know."

"You know what this shipment means not only to this plan, but to the whole effort?"

"Yeah, sure," growled Gus.

"I suppose you know there's been some kind of a tie-up in production?" asked Lt. Thoms.

"Well," Gus drawled, "I've heard rumors."

"We've got it down to this department," mused Lt. Thoms. "Seen anything suspicious lately?"

"Now, I just stick to my job, I mind my own business. Why don't you try it?" said Gus moving away.

"When we came in just now you were staring into space, just standing doing nothing," shot out Inspector Lang.

"Don't you know those propellers need that screw?" barked Lt. Thoms.

Gus Martin's eyes darted nervously from Thoms to Lang. Pulling at his cap he began to edge away. His face looked uneasy, pale.

"I guess I never thought I was slowing up production," mumbled

Gus. "You see, he said wistfully, "I was thinking, while those props were passing, that they ought to be painted red, instead of silver. They will look much prettier whirling around if they're red instead of plain silver."

While he was saying this Gus looked from Lang to Thoms to see how they were taking his explanation. Seeing that they both looked sympathetic, he continued—

"I gave them the design for this plane and I just counted on having the body green and the prop red."

"Well, how come they changed the original plans?" asked Lt. Thoms.

"Oh Mr. North said they couldn't get all that paint, but he probably just didn't want to bother. I'm sure everyone would have liked it that way."

"Now after all Gus, Mr. North wouldn't say they didn't have the paint, unless it were true," said Inspector Lang. "Suppose we go up to his office and have him explain to you about the shortage of painting material."

The two policemen walked up the ramp with the melancholy little man between them. When they reached North's office, they were greeted jovially by the president.

"Everything okay, boys?" he greeted them.

"It seems that Gus, here, has been squawking because the planes are painted silver, not green and red," explained Inspector Lang.

"Well now, Gus, I explained to you in September that we couldn't get the paint. We had to use the materials that we had left over from last year."

"But we had some red paint left over. I saw it myself."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. North patiently, "but we had to use that for the wagons. We always make the wagons bright red, you know that. The planes look fine the way they are. If they were red, they wouldn't look like the real thing."

"That's true," brightened Gus, "I never thought of that."

"Now you, back to work, and make up for lost time! With luck we'll still be able to make that Saturday night deadline," smiled Mr. North.

"Well, I guess that's all right now," said Inspector Lang as Gus Martin hustled back to his post. "C'mon Joe we better get back to the Station. So long Mr. North."

"So long boys, and thanks for coming," waved North.

Joe and Matt walked out into the night. Overhead the stars twinkled happily in the dark sky. It was cold; but it was the kind of a cold that made a man feel like doing things. The two men walked to their car thinking that they had straightened out a complex situation.

"Looks like the storm passed over, Matt."

"Yeah, it's a good thing for us," grunted Joe Thoms as he opened the car door.

A week later, Inspector Lang and Lieutenant Thoms were sitting watching the snow flakes form little figures on the window panes when the phone rang.

"Poletown Police!"

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, Joe. This is North."

The Christmas Poets

DOROTHY HARRINGTON

WALKING THROUGH THE DEPARTMENT STORES, LISTENING TO CROSBY crooning "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" brings to mind visions of a present-bedecked tree, holly wreaths and mistletoe. These are not, as you will know, new ideas. Poets have been dreaming and writing of festive Christmases since the year one. If you, like me, long to write your own Christmas poetry, read on and see if you can get any inspiration from these classic examples of Christmas verse.

As all little boys and girls know, it's of vital importance to start behaving about a month before Christmas. (This gives loving parents time enough to decide that Junior is a good boy, and that maybe he should have that wagon after all). Eugene Field expresses it this way—

*For Christmas with its lots and lots of candies, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids, and not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "yessum to the ladies," and "yessir" to the men,
And when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But thinking of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas, be as good as yer can be.*

To the young in heart as well as in years, the tree is one of the most exciting points of the day. Gilder describes **The Christmas Tree in the Nursery** aptly—

*Four black eyes
Grow big with surprise;
And then grow bigger
When a tiny figure,
Jaunty and airy,
(Is it a fairy?)
From the tree-top cries,
Open wide! Black eyes!
Come, children, wake now!
Your joys you may take now!*

Christmas means to children, toys, candies, gifts — Santa Claus. The department stores have done more than their share to further the popularity of jolly old Saint Nicholas—

*When the clock is striking twelve,
When I'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney, broad and black,
With your pack, you'll creep;
All the stockings you will find
Hanging in a row;
Mine will be the shortest one,
You'll be sure to know.*

Perhaps you'll agree with Mrs. C. S. Hone, who pictures the jolly old fellow as **Sly Santa Claus**—

*And then, all at once,
With a whisk and a whistle,
And twisting himself
Like a tough bit of gristle,
He bounced up again,
Like the down of a thistle.
And nothing was left but the prints of his shoes.*

No collections of Christmas poets and no descriptions of Santa Claus would be complete without Clement C. Moore's classic, **A Visit from St. Nicholas**—

*He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot.
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.*

Christmas season is about the best time of the year for reminiscing and harkening back to "the old days". About the oldest and merriest **Ceremony for Christmas**, the bringing in of the Yule log is pictured by our old friend Robert Herrick (English Seminar, please note!).

*Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.*

To complete our little session with Christmas Poets, and to wish you all a happy Christmas, Frances Havergal's **Bells Across the Snow** is a cheerier ending.

*But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."*

All Words Are Idle

NANCY COOK

RAY CLICKED THE KEY HOME AND SWUNG OPEN ALICE'S DOOR. SHE swept past him wordless, nose at an angle of forty-five degrees. Click — and only the brass numbers twinkled in his face. His grim young mouth drew down at the corners. Swinging about, he tramped down the steps and across the pocket-handkerchief lawn to his own door.

"Alice", he mumbled at the rose trellis, "are we going to start the same old routine all over again?"

Grinning wryly, he mounted his own stairs. He'd asked Alice to stay the same, and, come heaven, hell or high water she had! With a fidelity that was a little too precise, she'd kept both her throat-catching gurgle and her desire for complete deference on all counts.

The last straw fell right after dinner. Ray had a pair of tickets for one of Broadway's long established hits. Alice seemed delighted till suddenly, in one of her changes of mood, she declared that she didn't want to see that old thing, she'd much rather go dancing.

"Hey!" Ray objected, startled. "You can't do that . . . I've already got the tickets."

"No? Well, it looks like I'm doing it." Alice had stated firmly.

Then it had started. It ended with an annoyed young officer and even more petulant pretty girl sitting through a fine performance that neither saw nor heard. The silent drive home had been climaxed by an equally frigid parting.

"You know what?" Ray asked Alice's photo, "I'm going to teach you a lesson. I just hope it takes!"

With that, he threw open his casement window and sat down for a last cigarette. Funny how very still a summer night could be. He cocked his head at the scrape of Alice's window opening. The glowing end of his cigarette flipped through the dark in a nonchalant arc. Ray stood and stretched easily. Then he climbed into bed and relaxed himself comfortably for what would no doubt be a long wait. He'd taught Alice how to bowl, how to ice-skate, even how to play tic-tac-toe, but here was an entirely new lesson coming up.

Alice had swept past her parents' door and finally allowed herself the luxury of a heart-easing slam. Her father, half-asleep, grunted,

"Mary, is this going to begin all over again?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Joe, go to sleep."

"If that boy puts up with this still, m-m-f." Alice's father snored his way into oblivion again.

Alice brushed her hair into a shining fury. Ray could be twice as unreasonable as anyone else, even including her notably determined Irish mother. She moved about the room like a dainty tornado, arranging things for the night. Finally she went to the window. As she leaned on her elbows and stared moodily at the bird-bath in the backyard the corner of her eye

caught a tiny fiery flash shooting through the air from Ray's window. Cautiously she peered out along the wall to the adjacent window. At least he was still up. She smiled softly.

"The Army's built up your resistance, Ray, but —"

Quietly, Alice waited for the conciliatory tap that always signalled the end of their frequent spats. Ray never let the night end without repairing the rifts in love's silky skein. Ray was sweet and so dependable. Or was he? The seconds were growing up into minutes and there wasn't the suspicion of a tap. Alice crossed the room to the wall that both attached and divided the two houses. Pressing against it, she listened intently. There was no sound.

Back she went to her perch at the window. What, Alice asked the window curtain, was he waiting for? The Army's famed stiffening courses could be carried too far. But of course Ray was going to knock,

"I hope," she said aloud.

Then her heart leaped up and then fell twice as low. Her mother popped her head in the door.

"Alice, are you up?"

"Yes, Mom."

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing, Mom, not a thing."

"Have you and Ray been quarrelling again?"

"We-el — nothing important. At least I don't think so."

"I thought as much. Has he knocked yet, Alice?"

"No, not yet, Mom."

"Alice, I don't know what gets into you to plague that boy so. I hope he teaches you a lesson, if —"

"Oh Moth-er! Please let me handle Ray — I know him."

Mrs. Layton smiled. At times Alice was uncannily like herself. She'd been so certain too.

"I hope so, dear. Well, if I can't do anything — goodnight."

"G'night, Mom."

As her mother left, Alice got up from the window. She was not waiting any longer for any tapped messages of love. What did Ray think she was going to do — cater to his whims at every turn? Then her train of thought jolted to an abrupt stop. Unbidden she remembered a night almost eighteen months ago. It was December, just a week before Christmas. She was addressing cards when the bell rang. When she opened the door, Ray was grinning down at her. She'd pulled him in from the cold street, bubbling and incoherent with gladness. All that evening she had Christmas in her heart, for all the evening Ray had cleverly evaded her questions as to why he was home. Finally, a half hour before he left he told her. For Ray that night, New York wasn't only home, it was the big town nearest his port of embarkation. He was shipping out.

Trembling with nervous tension, she told him many things, and made many low voiced promises. Just before that last good-bye he'd raised her face and smiled at her,

"Promise when I come back you'll be good? No more leaving me to make up all our fights, even when they're not my fault?"

"I promise. I won't even fight with you at all —."

Alice winced in her bed. Then she remembered all the weeks she didn't hear. After that the mail began coming, in bunches punctuated by long silences. Army fliers covered so much territory so fast. She remembered answering her father's good-natured jibes.

"When Ray comes home, I'll never so much as look cross in his direction."

Her father replied, "I bet it will be the same, though, you won't change!"

She remember how she had prayed long and earnestly — and was in seventh heaven when Ray was coming home. When she saw him and knew that he was still the same Ray she had grown to love, she could have sung with happiness. Never again would she feel ice in her heart when the bomber toll was announced — Ray would be here in the States, on the ground.

But as she'd grown used to having him home again, before he was reassigned to duty, she'd forgotten her old promise. Alice squirmed in bed. She heard again,

"Promise —"

"You'll be the same —"

"He's coming —"

And then tonight. "Ray, you make me so, so — oh!" Her voice broke with annoyance.

Alice threw back the covers. She slid to her feet and went to the wall. Suddenly she was happy and felt like dancing. Suddenly dawn was in the room, even though it was midsummer midnight. She knocked firmly on the wall. She knocked twice, pause, three times. It was their own code and it meant,

"I'm sorry. I love you."



Christmas at Home

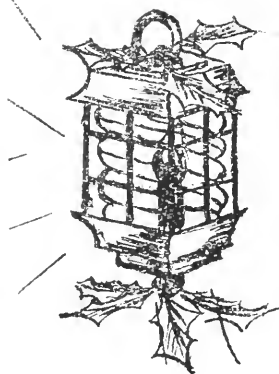
MARY JO FREESE

WHENEVER I HEAR PEOPLE DISCUSSING THE THINGS THAT THEY USED TO do each Christmas, like trim outdoor Christmas trees, or, if they happened to live in the country, ride in a horse-drawn sleigh with jingle bells, I begin to feel rather colorless. That is, of course, until I remember the special tradition in our family. We had Santa Claus.

I'm not referring to the stereotyped, run-of-the-mill Santa who climbs down chimneys but somehow always manages to whisk away before he is seen. No, our Santa was flesh and blood who would come right into the house on Christmas day, carrying his bulging sack over his shoulder. This was the big event of the day. The family would assemble en masse, about forty or so, waiting expectantly. All the younger members outdid one another in rushing back and forth to the front windows to see if there were any signs of his coming. Suddenly the familiar red-coated figure would appear around the corner puffing under the weight of a huge laundry bag. I remember the neighbors so well! I can still see some of their faces as they'd hang from the second story windows, gaping in amazement. I guess it was a bit startling.

Some willing uncle was always pressed into service to perform this little role. One year my aunt's chauffeur, Arthur, was even given the task. Chauffeurs had to be proficient in more things than driving a car in those days. When Santa walked into the house a very respectful hush fell upon the younger assemblage. Nudges and suppressed giggles passed among us as Santa Claus would look around significantly and hope we had all been good. Then some of the dutiful offspring tripped to the center of the floor and recited poems learned for the occasion. They must have been a great agony for the parents who had painstakingly coached. There was one cousin in particular who at the first hint of recitations always ran from the room and hid in the clothes closet.

Preliminaries being over, the laundry bag was opened and the presents were given out. Name after name was called until Santa finally tossed the empty bag over his shoulder and with a wave and a goodbye would disappear down the block. We of course never saw the sequel to this performance, the picture of Santa cutting across the neighbor's back-yard, through the hedge separating the houses, and down our cellar steps. By that time we were too wrapped up in paper, ribbon and presents to give a thought to the matter. You see, for us, Christmas day had officially begun.



'Tis the Season

ANN J. DOYLE

BOAR'S HEAD

THE BOAR'S HEAD WAS THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE DURING THE English Yuletide festivities. It was served well drenched with spirits and with a lemon, the symbol of plenty in its mouth. A blue coated serving man ushered it in on an immense salver. The applause from the guests was intensified if the boar had been particularly fierce during the hunting. Some two months before, the hunters with packs of boar hounds had encircled the same boar and driven it into a net or attacked it with spears. The animal fought to the death and this pluckiness added joy to the hunting and festivity to the banquet. After the salver was placed on the table, the head of the house laid his hand on the dish, and with solemn oath swore to be faithful to his family, and fulfill all his obligations as a man of honor. The carving of the head was an honor given only to the most upright and respected man at the banquet.

The serving of the boar's head seems to have been restricted to the English celebration of Christmas, and in modern times has given way to the roasted suckling pig. The oath made on the "boar of atonement" has been universally accepted as the New Year's resolution.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS RECIPE

I think this makes a meat pie.

Simply take

2 bushels of flour

20 pounds of butter

4 geese

2 rabbits

4 wild ducks

2 woodchucks

6 snipes

4 partridges

2 neat's tongues

2 curlews

6 pigeons and

7 wee blackbirds

These ingredients should be baked in a pan nine feet in circumference. Serve piping hot.

Caution: When removing from oven, weight 165 pounds.

PEACOCK

In days of yore when knights were bold, and peacocks were available too, the Peacock Vow was an important ceremony of English knighthood.

Each knight made a vow on the peacock to strike the first blow at his enemy and to defend the virtue of women. In later times, the peacock held second place, next in honor to the boar's head, at the Christmas dinner. Sometimes it was served in a pie with the head protruding from one side of the crust, and the bright tail plumage from the other. But more often it was stuffed with herbs and sweet spices, roasted to a turn and served with all its plumage. The honor of serving was given only to a lady.

BAYBERRY CANDLES

The gray, wax giving berries of the bayberry shrub have played a part in American Christmas since Colonial times. It is said that the Puritans considered berry gathering a more useful occupation than games for children. The berries were boiled in water after which the wax was easily removed. In the absence of candle-molds, a wick was dipped into the molten wax repeatedly until a candle of the right diameter was formed. The candle is a translucent green and when extinguished leaves a sweet and pungent odor like incense.

MISTLETOE

Mistletoe has played a very favorable and symbolic role in the history of Christmas since its infamous part in the death of Balder, the ancient god of light. According to legend, evil Loki gave it to the blind Hoder as an arrow and it killed Balder. By way of repentance, the mistletoe promised never more to slay but only to heal. The Druids attributed great healing powers to the mistletoe because of the legend, and also because it represented a pure spirit, since it never touches the ground. They showed great respect by cutting the plant with golden sickles and catching the leaves in clean white cloths. During the Yuletide season the priests sent their young men with gifts of branches to the surrounding families. Each family receiving the mistletoe was, however, expected to contribute generously to the temples. Mistletoe has survived the centuries as a traditional Christmas symbol, although its connotation today is vastly different from the times of the Druid priests.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The custom of sending Christmas cards became popular when an English gentleman found time too scarce and his lists too long to send out his usual Christmas letter. The thing that gave particular impetus to this innovation was the criticism aroused. The card was designed by John Calcott Horsley, a royal Academician, and pictured a merry family comfortably disposed toward the fruit of the vine, while celebrating their annual deed of kindness to the poor. There was such severe criticism representing the card as an out and out promoter of drunkenness, that in the following year, people who might never have heard of the card were sending Christmas cards all over England.

The Nuptial Mass

HELEN MADDEN

" . . . MAY SHE BE PLEASING TO HER HUSBAND AS WAS RACHEL; may she be wise as Rebecca; may she be long-lived and true, as was Sara . . ."

A comprehensive wish, that! And would you know the lucky bride? Could be — you! Of course you must have the man of your heart, and the two of you must satisfy the Church that you're ready and willing, but then the wish is yours. Only once can you receive it, however, since the Nuptial Blessing, from which our quote is taken, is given to the woman just once in her life, and then only during the Nuptial Mass.

This special blessing is not the only beauty of the Wedding Mass. Quite apart from its importance as the time when another sacrament is received and another sacramental grace imparted, this Mass deserves your attention, you who would be "wise as Rebecca".

In the first place, the only time in her life that a woman is permitted to enter the sanctuary, is on the occasion of her marriage. She meets at the altar rail, the man of her choice and together they "go into the altar of God, who gives joy to their youth." They kneel side by side before the Tabernacle, with a nearness to the holy things of God, that emphasizes the sacredness of their marriage in Christ.

Thus, everything in the Nuptial Mass, the prayers, the Epistle, Gradual and Gospel, all have their special fitness. And the Offertory—" . . . By the mystery signified in the mingling of this water and wine, grant us to have part in Jesus Christ, Thy Son . . ." assumes new and deeper significance than ever.

The actual marriage rite precedes the Nuptial Mass so that the couple may offer their Mass as man and wife. After the priest, who is a witness to the ceremony, asks the formal questions of the ritual, he pronounces the words that are to bind forever. "I unite you in marriage, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

It isn't as though the priest were the minister of the sacrament and the wedded pair merely participants in his action. They offer this sacrament and themselves to each other. Quite aptly, the epistle used, St. Paul's to the Ephesians, further proves the marital path with practical counsel. ". . . Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so let wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it . . ."

It is after the "Our Father" that the married couple goes to the steps of the altar and there, within a few feet of their Lord, they receive that special blessing which is so precious it may be given but once; so sacred that it may

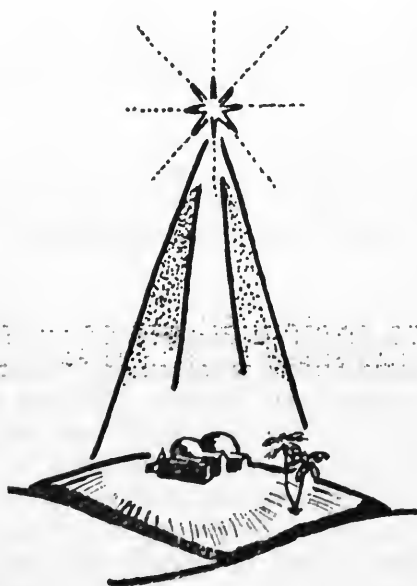
be given only between the Consecration and the Communion of the Holy Sacrifice.

This very singular blessing bestows upon the bride the right to the graces God is so anxious to give. Specifically, it asks for her the strong virtues of moral strength, chastity, long-life, wisdom, motherhood, and love and respect for her husband.

A very wise and holy man once said that the part of the ceremony that appealed most to him was the fact that the bride and groom first broke their fast together in Holy Communion, a true Wedding Breakfast. When the time for Communion arrives, the husband and wife receive their Lord, not with the congregation at the altar-rail, but by themselves. Their very first shared act is the reception of the Body and Blood of Christ. Christ's joyful participation in the feast at the Nuptial Mass is a pledge of lifetime support of His graces and blessings and makes more easily understood the invisible, spiritual bond between souls created by the Sacrament of Matrimony.

"And who can tell the happiness of that marriage which is brought about by the Church, confirmed by the Oblation, sealed with the benediction which the angels proclaim, and ratified by the Pope?"

And in that happiness may YOU "be pleasing as Rachel, wise as Rebecca and live long as Saral"



Faculty Facts

TAKING FIVE MINUTES FROM HER MULTIPLE DUTIES AS TEACHER, director of the Corporation of Trunz, Inc., and aide-de-camp about school, Miss Trunz agreed to give us the inside story on teaching at St. Joseph's. "After all," she admitted, "the college and the girls are two of my favorite interests." We didn't have to think back further than the opera-appreciation club which she started this term, as one proof of that statement. The sacristans who arrange the flowers each day could, if asked, give a second. She loves all the traditions in the college; unconsciously added one herself when she thought it would be a good idea for the Sophs to give their "big sisters" a luncheon at the end of the year. A St. Joe's graduate herself, Miss Trunz majored in Math and minored in Ed (then it went under the dignified title of "History of Pedagogy") but took her M.A. at Columbia in German. For her Ph.D. she attended the Albert Ludwig University, established in the fourteenth century, in the city of Freiburg, in the middle of the Black Forest.

Miss Trunz, however, has much more than a tourist's view of Europe, having been over to Germany seven times in all. Her last visit in 1939, immediately preceded the outbreak of World War II. "In fact," she states, "we had no idea that the war was so close. The news broadcasts from Germany and even from Switzerland told us almost nothing about the situation, and it wasn't until I received several frantic telegrams from my father that I decided to move at once." At three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon she left the country and at six o'clock that same day the borders were closed. Miss Trunz sailed from Le Havre on the "S. S. Manhattan", the last American ship to leave Europe before the war.

Her memories of Europe, though, are not all connected with war. She became acquainted with many notable people, including Archbishop Groeber of Freiburg, and the Catholic priest, Prof. Josef Sauer, who was three times invited by the Russian government to give his opinions on art. In 1939 she had a public audience with Pope Pius XII, although she admitted that she had twice refused the offer of a private audience. The question mark on my face must have been pretty apparent, because Miss Trunz just laughed and said, "Now why would I want to take up the Holy Father's time."

M. J. F.

YOU AREN'T LIKELY TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF MR. FITZPATRICK UNLESS you are around late some Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, when he comes in to tell Ed. minors how it's done. The rest of the time he is an administrative assistant in the High School of Music and Arts.

We forgot to ask him his favorite song, but it ought to be "The Sidewalks of New York." He was born in Manhattan, and was educated at the School of the Annunciation, Stuyvesant High, and Fordham University. His life in the last-named institute of learning was not exactly a social whirl, as we may gather from the fact that he even had to give up his activities in the Glee Club for he worked his way through as a Post-office clerk (and ten hours a week in Macy's were too much for me!)

Right now all his extra time is devoted to his family, so he has no time for hobbies, although he does like to see exhibitions given by good Photographers. He lives 'way up-town' in Van Cortlandt park, and the rural atmosphere frequently beguiles him into taking long walks. We were all ready with the sympathy when we thought of his coming all the way down here every Saturday morning, but he says that it isn't too bad. Even if he falls asleep, someone is sure to wake him up at the right station — it's the end of the line!

I. T.

MILITARY MELODIES

(Continued from page 11)

from the grim task of war, whenever opportunity permits. As an American soldier has said, "Songs help a man forget the things he doesn't like." Chief among the nonsense songs came the dearly loved stammering song **K-K-K-Katy** by Geoffrey O'Hara. More sentimental was the famous "Smile" song. Anything but nonsense, it was yet the quintessence of our soldiers' logic. Soldiers have obstinately refused to sing the stock martial tunes set down for them and have adopted the racy music-hall songs, which so often say a pointed thing in a quick way. This accounts in a measure for the wonderful popularity of such songs as **Over There**, **Goodbye Broadway**, and Irving Berlin's **Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning**. Because it struck a national note, **Over There** has been called the great song of the Great War. The swift action indicated and the blithe, yet menacing, melody of the tune put the entire situation in a nut shell from the American point of view.

The song writers and even the government propaganda department are getting a little restless about the song situation in World War II. With each passing day they grow more impatient for the arrival of the great hit anthem that will take the allied world by storm. Tin Pan Alley hasn't been the same since Pearl Harbor. Very early in the war it burst into a tune called **Remember Pearl Harbor** and since then thousands of songs rhyming Jap with slap, and Yank with tank have poured in and out again after one audition. Some have passed on to the public. **Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition** looked almost like the real thing in the first flush of its popularity but it was not a great song. One reason for the partial failure of our present crop is the radical change in the music industry since Cohan gave us **Over There**. In those days popular songs had a long life. Now, mass plugging by the dance band, radio and juke box makes it difficult to identify a tune with a given week in a month, let alone an entire war.

It is very probable that the great strides made in war music in this country may very soon result in some other national song replacing those above described. At any rate there is not the slightest doubt that music can help to materialize that earnest all-inclusive prayer of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"One flag—one land
One heart—one hand
One nation, Evermore."



Colcorton

Edith Pope

"HER BROTHER JARED SAID THAT ABBY ALWAYS LOOKED AS IF SHE were going into battle and knew that the Lord was on her side."

For twenty years she struggled — "to raise her brother up to be the sort of man no man would look down on." Within a few months, her life's work was undone. The promising young lawyer was killed, leaving his inexperienced young wife and unborn son to Abby. The real story begins here but so unusual is it that any indication of the turn of events would destroy the effect the author has skillfully and unobtrusively created. Its final impact is tremendous.

The three hundred and thirty pages are divided into two books, the first giving the rich background of St. Augustine, Florida. The swamps — "— The musty scent of the old leaves, the odour of mussels, the salty tang of the marsh grass—" become extremely real. The storms over the ocean have a strangely releasing effect due entirely to her pulsating descriptions. You can't help but see "Lightning branched like rivers on a map."

Abby Clanghearne is an integral part of this. She is as primitive as the elements. Although — "her mouth was a history of harsh opinion upheld," her bewildered sister-in-law, Beth, sensed her great underlying kindness. A penetrating analysis of both culminates in a complete delineation of character. Their actions spring from their thought processes. The author is not quite so successful with her minor characters. Clement Johnson, the weary writer, and Danny Strikeleather, wise and lovable, are never completely realized, despite their early promise. Miss Pope is much more successful with the depraved LeRoy Trasker.

The theme itself has been handled with rare delicacy and understanding. The plot is entirely plausible, something seldom found in current fiction. Because Edith Pope has not luridly depicted her characters and theme, and because the book can not be adequately advertised it will probably never reach the best-seller list. It is nevertheless, an exceptional novel, and almost a great one.

F. B.

The Time for Decision

Sumner Welles

SUMNER WELLES HAS DRAWN FROM THE WEALTH OF HIS KNOWLEDGE of foreign affairs to analyze and interpret the obstacles involved in the achievement of world peace. It is a sincere endeavor to solve these problems by combining justice and historical fact.

In the opening chapters, the author cites the basic errors in Allied policy during and subsequent to the Treaty of Versailles. He is a firm believer in the fact that the present conflict could have been prevented if the United States had followed a different international career during the past quarter of a century. His purpose is to deter the American people from making similar blunders at the conclusion of this war. Continuing in a more constructive pattern, Mr. Welles takes the different sections of the world separately and attempts to solve the problems peculiar to each section. In conclusion, we receive a glimpse of things to come in a plan for world organization and the position of the United States in such an organization.

The thesis of the book is that the people of our nation are the moulders of world peace — their decision will determine the destiny of future generations. In this decision they must embody: a more tolerant attitude toward our Allies, a greater faith in the potential constructive ability of Germany and Japan, and a complete abandonment of our traditional policy of isolation.

The writing is well done, simple in form and language — yet significant in content. "The Time for Decision" is a literary effort that should be read and discussed by all Americans.

M. M.

My Home Is Far Away

Dawn Powell

OHIO, JUST AFTER THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, IS THE SCENE AND perid of Dawn Powell's latest novel, **My Home Is Far Away**. It is the story of the Willard family; not, I hope, a typical American family. Harry is convivial, irresponsible, and thoughtless. His wife, Daisy, thinks he is the finest of men and will not have him criticized by anyone. When he brings home a gramophone and her sister Lois remarks that the children need winter coats more than a gramophone, Daisy throws her arms around her husband and exclaims, "I love the talking machine! I'd rather have it than anything in the world and Harry knows it." The three children, Lena, Marcia, and Florrie, follow the example of both their mother and father, and worship Papa. True, the grocery bill is not paid and their clothes are shabby, but little things like that are so unimportant when Papa, a traveling salesman, comes home with a box of candy or a gramophone machine.

This unfortunate situation takes a turn for the worse after the death of the mother. The children grow up in an uncared-for, haphazard fashion, living, by turns, with relatives where they are unwelcome, and in railroad hotels and cheap boarding houses, where the bills are rarely paid. No one looks after their clothes, their schooling, or their manners, they meet the most objectionable characters, and their father is always travelling around the country, working so hard to care for his children, which care consists mainly in feeding and clothing himself to the full extent of his salary. To do the right thing by his children and provide them with a good home, he marries a wealthy widow. The new Mrs. Willard conforms to the conventional idea

of a stepmother — mean and spiteful. As usual, she dotes on her own daughter, who, as usual, is sickly and unlikeable. It would seem that the grandfather is taken out of the Veterans' Home just to illustrate the step-mother's cruelty and to add to the general misery.

However, **My Home Is Far Away** is not a list of trials and tribulations. The story is seen through the eyes of Marcia, the "middle one" of the three girls and, from a child's perspective, the humorous and interesting details are more noticeable than the general picture of unhappiness and failure. The children think that their father is perfect in all things and all of Aunt Lois's unfavorable criticism cannot shatter this illusion. The humor is found in characters such as Grandma Reed and her secretive friend, Miss Clark, a spectre with moth balls; and in incidents like the visit to Uncle Louie's and the Hodge Street business venture. The story moves rapidly and the characters are real. In fact the whole story is too realistic for comfort. One critic says, "As a chronicle of family life, as a vivid — but not plush-covered — album of interesting characters, as a wonderfully detailed picture of American life in fascinating years, **My Home Is Far Away** is completely enjoyable." This statement is accurate except for the adjective "enjoyable". Upon finishing the book, I felt that home and happiness for Lena, Marcia, and Florrie was **very** far away, too far way to ever be reached.

H. A. S.

The Green Years

A. J. Cronin

A. J. CRONIN'S NOVEL WILL DOUBTLESS MAKE THE BEST-SELLER LIST.

The Doctor's name, plus the ever-popular appeal of youth, guarantees this.

Young Robie Shannon was the wrong name, religion and nationality for the dour Scots town of Levenford and the pinched family of Gows in which he finds himself. Still, it is there that he reaches the threshold of a manhood bright with unexpected promise. Straitened and persecuted by Papa, Robie's grandfather, by an occasional teacher, and even more by the hard, narrow town, Robie is still well befriended. Chief among his champions is his great-grandfather, Dandie Gow, a man of many failings and no meanness. Close after Dandie is the brilliant and lovable boy, Gavin, Robie's Aunt Kate, her husband Jamie, "who made all the money he touched seem clean," and drudging, kindly self-effacing Mama.

Robie typifies the struggle against intolerance and poverty. His fight to preserve his own integrity is marred by his doubts as to the material of that integrity. Fluctuating between the basic strength of his Faith and the force of his disillusionment and scientific knowledge, Robie reflects Dr. Cronin's struggles. In reference to religion, the characterization of Canon Roche is good, but the scene of the nuns praying at the bedside of a sick monk is rather strained.

Many of Robie's experiences will strike a responsive chord. His loves, sorrows and ambitions will attract the reminiscing reader. Still **The Green Years** does not fulfill the promise of **Hatter's Castle** or **The Citadel**. One can't get away from a feeling of familiarity, of having "heard this song before." Despite the fact that **The Green Years** is not great, nor even very good, Dr. Cronin has undeniable power to present human beings and to tell a story. One rarely stops to criticize while reading. Unfortunately, this virtue is more negative than positive, and for me, summed up the effect of the whole novel.

Happy Stories Just To Laugh At

Stephen Leacock

TAKING UP STEPHEN LEACOCK'S **HAPPY STORIES JUST TO LAUGH AT**, we settled back for an evening of the pure nonsense type. The preface to the collection, written by the author says the book "is not real life. It is better." We're inclined to agree with him.

The stories are written in a leisurely, friendly fashion, and Mr. Leacock tells the most improbable tales in such a guileless manner that he suspends all leanings toward disbelief. "The Life of Lea and Perrins," a saga of England's famous sauce, "Mr. Plumter, B.A." and "Good News! A New Party" are among the best in the book. "Allegory Island," an account of the beginnings of civilization, is particularly funny and shows Mr. Leacock's mild satire at its best. All of the stories are not up to these, and the "The Jones' Enchanted Castle" is neither a happy story nor one to laugh at. It produces a vague sadness, and this same strain seems to creep into Mr. Leacock's work in a few of the other selections. It is this tendency which keeps his stories out of the class of nonsense, and puts him into the class of distinctly human writers.

The last group of stories, more tales about a typical Canadian town called Mariposa, shows the happiness the author enjoyed by being simply a part of life. One of this group, "National Debt, National Blessing," clearly explains a point which has puzzled your reviewer in many a history class. The last paragraph in the last story, "A New Heaven and a New Earth," is a fitting close to the book of **Happy Stories** and also to the life of the late Stephen Leacock—

"The evening was closing in around me — as it is every evening at my age — and from the lighted town behind me, and in the evening breeze gathering off the lake, the sound still came — 'a new heaven and a new earth'."

A. F.

Ten Little Indians

Agatha Christie



THE BROADHURST THEATRE IN NEW YORK HAS been the scene of wholesale murder ever since the Agatha Christie "whodunit", **Ten Little Indians** moved in. Based on her best-selling novel, **And Then There Were None**, the play has kept all the elements of suspense that made her book rank high in mystery fiction.

The action centers about ten people who have been invited to an island house by a host who fails to put in an appearance. Cut off from the mainland, the party gets its first inkling that all is not well when a hidden recording interrupts conversation and a voice indicts each one present for murder. Thereafter the members of the party are killed off, one by one, following the pattern of the nursery rhyme "Ten Little Indian Boys." This macabre touch gives the title to the play. We won't tell which little Indian is responsible for the mass mayhem, but the ending is swift and surprising.

Under the direction of Albert de Courville, the play moves at a lively pace that keeps the audience breathlessly counting the number of wooden Indians left on the mantle at the rise of each curtain.

The parts of the ten frightened guests are convincingly taken, and each character manages to invest his role with individuality. Beverly Roberts is properly charming and resourceful as the secretary to her unknown employer, while Michael Whalen completes the romantic interest as the adventurous Captain Lombard. Estelle Winwood gives an excellent portrayal of Emily Brent, the sadistic, scripture-reading spinster, and Halliwell Hobbes is well cast as the righteous turtle-necked old judge.

Ten Little Indians comes as a welcome bit of entertainment because it has in addition to a good plot, a clever dialogue and fast moving action to sustain it. Those who like a good mystery with a dash of comedy and romance will find this play is made to order.

M. J. F.

Embezzled Heaven

Franz Werfel

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO A PLAY EMBODYING CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES may be found in the stage adaption of Franz Werfel's novel **Embezzled Heaven**. The central theme of the play is Teta Linck's attempt to gain Heaven. Her method is that of providing for the education of her nephew for the priesthood. This, she believes will gain her favor in Heaven and assure her salvation. The play reaches its climax in Teta's audience with the Pope.

Teta is portrayed by Ethel Barrymore, and her interpretation makes the character believable. The play, which lacks dramatic action, is held together and given body by Miss Barrymore's performance. Albert Basserman as the Pope is excellent, and brings dignity and piety to the role. The minor characters are cleverly portrayed and add humor to the play. The stage adaptation differs from the novel in many minor instances, But these differences do not detract from the appreciation of the drama. Those who have read the book will not be disappointed in the stage production.

On the whole, the play is well handled, though unfortunately its audience will be limited. To those who have a Catholic background, the play has meaning and depth, but much of its significance will be missed by the average theatre-goer.

C. G.



The Christmas Stocking

Hang
up the
baby's
stocking!
Be sure you
don't forget!
The dear little
dimpled darling,
she never saw Christ-
mas yet! But I've told
her all about it, and
she opened her big,
blue eyes; and I'm sure
she understood it she
looked so funny and
wise. Dear! What a tiny
stocking! It doesn't take
much to hold such little
pink toes as baby's
away from the frost and
cold. But then, for the
baby's Christmas, it will
never do at all. Why! Santa
wouldn't be looking for any
thing half so small. I know
what we'll do for the baby.
I've thought of the very
best plan. I'll borrow a
stocking of Grandma's,
the longest that ever
I can. And you'll hang
it by mine, dear moth-
er, right here in the
corner, so! And leave a
letter to Santa and
fasten it on to the toe.
Write, this is the baby's
stocking, that hangs in
the corner here. You
never have seen her.
Santa, for she only
came this year. But
she's just the bles-
sed'st baby. And now
before you go, just
cram her stocking
with goodies from
the top clean
down to the
toe.



To Whom It Does Concern

I'm half afraid this Christmas note
Won't be like other years
Of glowing hints at presents — things Santa always hears.
Yet, as in other days gone by,
I'll take my quill and write
A helpful list of hopefuls that might be mine that night.
I'll ask for things terrestrial
To please a lady fair
And yet for things celestial, to ask, I hardly dare.
I'll ask the sun for one fine day
A winding road — fresh air
To make of Sunday walking a pleasure two can share.
I'll ask, then, for a rainy day
Two raincoats — one umbrella
'Tween dodging puddles, laughter attuned with girl and fellar.
I'll ask of some odd restaurateur
White table cloth — steaks rare!
A good old-fashioned custom that peacetime can repair.
I'll ask of Murph, the sexton
To save a half a pew
Where Midnight Mass will find me beside a boy in blue.
I'll ask at last for earthly calm
'Cross isles and over isthmus
Then finish up my list with — "To dream of just this Christmas".

MARIAN QUEALY

May the Memory Linger On

CATHERINE GLYNN

WE HAVE ALMOST COMPLETED OUR BOOK — BUT BEFORE WE DO, LET us reread those familiar passages, the ones we liked so well.

There was the day we first came into St. Joe's. It was snowing, do you remember? We huddled together on the couches and stole shy glances at our new found friends. In those talks on orientation day, we were told that we had grown up overnight — from girls to women, and so we had. Only yesterday, we had graduated from high school. We were wished bright and sunny days, not lonely as that first one had been.

However, there were a few stormy days when we were tempted to give up college — but somehow the kindly encouragement of many of our faculty inspired us to see it through.

There were days when the heavy chocolate flavor permeated the air (before rationing, of course) . . . when benediction was at noon in the auditorium . . . the tea our Junior sisters gave us. We were charmed with the white carnations bearing our names.

. . . And then we always had trouble when it came to program time. We either took courses backwards — that is the second half first or split our year of required science, Math and History by summer vacations. When the teachers referred to the first half of the course and asked us if we remembered . . . of course we didn't — those summer days had made them only a faint recollection.

In December of our Freshman year we found ourselves suddenly at war. We remembered long before being asked to conserve the chemicals — and laughed and choked our way through the sulphur fumes.

There were the days in the early spring, when we went summer job hunting and found ourselves explaining fast and furiously how although we were third termers we were still classified as Freshmen. After that we considered ourselves Soph's or Juniors as each February passed and turned our tassels accordingly — unofficially, of course.

There were the days we worked in the department stores at Christmas — and loved it, — especially the discount.

And last year when suddenly we found ourselves with Freshmen sisters — and didn't feel quite old enough . . .

We reach the Epilogue of our story. There is little more than a month left. As we gather in little groups of two's or three's, cherishing friendships the more closely, we find ourselves remembering little things we thought we had forgotten. This is our last term — our last Investiture — our last Thanksgiving — our last Christmas. And if we are a little dreamy these days, please forgive us — for we are thinking of tomorrow. When our friends so often asked us of our plans after graduation, we so unwisely said, "I don't quite know". And thought "I'll think of it tomorrow". But now our tomorrow is fast becoming today.

The last chapter is drawing to a close — these things will become memories, as we. Before we leave, our thanks are many to all of you who have made up OUR St. Joe's.

Post-Post-Scriptum

Acme Kiddy Toy Co.
Hotchkiss Falls, New Jersey
Attention: General Manager
My Dear Sir,

As you are probably already making plans for next year's catalog of Acme Kiddy Toys, may I be the first to offer my services as an unofficial member of your advisory board. Though I speak from personal experience, I trust you will consider nothing personal in my remark that your ad writer has never seen the stock in question, or else has the greatest flights of fancy since Coleridge penned *Kubla Khan*.

I refer specifically to one piece of creative writing under a toy called pound-a-peg, a wood stand with holes for colored pegs and a wood mallet for pounding. "Saves your furniture and more fun for the kiddies" is the way this lethal blockbuster is described. It neglects to mention that the mallet also pounds quite efficiently the glass tops of tables, water tumblers, and legs of chairs, in a way that would do credit to a demolition squad. It would not in the least surprise me to hear that pound-a-peg was to be America's answer to the robot bomb.

However, before you think I am neglecting the merits of your other products I wish to correct that impression. I have in mind your chemistry set, "harmless and non-dangerous." Prof. Einstein might be able to take it in stride, but I'd be willing to give him odds. Although the guide book lists one hundred and sixty-two "simple" experiments I could already add an additional ten, worked out by our young crown

prince, by the simple expedient of throwing together all the contents of the box and heating it over the kitchen stove. We have since been cooking our meals in the open fireplace. I might also add that anyone not knowing our number could now find the house quite easily by the aroma of rotten eggs which persistently lingers.

In conclusion may I point out if the bill for damages which I have duly enclosed seems excessive, I will gladly come to your store and give you a demonstration, preferably in your model home department. I am sure you will see things my way without further difficulty.

Very truly yours,

M. J. F.

Lines on the
Conclusion Derived
From Daily Commuting
Via Surface Car

*A jolly
Trolley's
A folly,
By golly!*

P. McG.

AN EDITOR LOOKS AHEAD
*Deadline — just six days ahead—
A week to go at best!
This shortage of material!
Why couldn't we have guessed!
What bribes let writers sleepless be?—
What thoughts sustain this test
But promise of a future life
To lay me down and rest!*

A. F.

*As I pen these thoughts, I shudder and
shake
My lips are blue, my innards quake
For weeks my friends have thought me
pensive
While I worried over the Comprehensive.
If I pick up a book, my mind turns blank.
To my family, I'm just a neurotic crank.
At night, I dream of Integration
My days are spent in supplication.
Euclid, Carroll, Horner, Descartes,
Where on earth shall I ever start!
Foes I make of Permutations—
I can't make light of Combinations.
If my system weathers the wear and tear
And I don't end up with snow-white hair
When this you read the Thing will be
over
I'll either be singing or under the clover.
If the best comes to pass, I'll still be
alive—
If the worst—
Lay me out in 245.*

M. C.

There comes a time in every young girl's life, when she must discover that Christmas "thank-you" notes are long overdue. Chairs scrape, tables topple, papers fly, ink splashes — and the mailman tramples onward, ever onward, with a score of limp little letters in his mail-bag.

This could happen you! You tremble to think of it? Ah — have no fear, for here is the solution. I have here — (this is known as the salesman technique, plus a foolproof demonstration. However, paper and printer's ink have their limits. Therefore, please use your imagination, which hasn't any — any limits, that is). I have here a standard form of a bread - and - butter note. Of necessity, it is simple, clear, and straight to the point. So, if you will just skip down a line or two, and read it over carefully—

"Dear (Aunt, Uncle, Cousin, etc.) (Sophie, Clarence, Harriet, etc.):

Hello there! How are you? You know, I never did thank you enough for the wonderful Christmas present(s) you gave me. (That, those) (perfume, handkerchiefs, books, stockings, dress, etc.) (was, were) absolutely (scintillating, beautiful, grand, lovely, adorable, etc). Wherever I go I take (it, them) with me. I know I can't thank you enough, but let me try anyway to thank you for (that, those) (scintillating, beautiful, grand, lovely, adorable, etc.) (perfume, handkerchiefs, books, stocking, dress, etc.).

Your loving
(niece, aunt, cousin, etc.)
(Shirley Temple)

Of course, you must be always on your toes. Mistakes can be embarrassing, you know. (F'rinstance: Dear Aunt Clarence). But I do hope I've been helpful to you. Feel better now, hmmm?

G. W.



Editorials

Agnes Fennelly, Editor-in-chief

ONCE AGAIN THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS HAS COME TO A WORLD saddened and hurt. The sounds of "Merry Christmas" echo in the night air and voices are happy, but hearts are sad. Christmas joys may be obscured by thoughts of war and bitterness of spirit. Its message may seem dimmed, its meaning strangely alien — for Christmas means peace and love among men. But though all the world seem torn by hate and sorrow, there must be a place for Christmas in the hearts of men everywhere. Without it, there is no meaning left in life, nor in death. Without it, plans great and small for the world which must be made new will be futile — for it is within the hearts of men that history is first conceived.

Sorrow and distrust may show themselves everywhere, but still the Christmas Bells are rung again, breaking the winter silence, calling the people to Midnight Mass. The peal of the bells is a prayer — "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavily burdened —." The wreaths are hung, the Christmas trees bank the altar, the pointsettias flash red against the candles, and still from the Tabernacle comes a silent prayer — "Come to Me —." People kneel before the manger, the outstretched arms of the Infant ever beckoning, and in each heart there is a prayer — Oh God! That we might come to Thee!

In each mind, are thoughts of Christmas past, and Christmas yet to be. And with each thought there comes again the pain and aching wonder—must the world always fail us? Will we never again find peace on earth and men of good will? And then, in each heart, the answer — Oh God! Teach us to pray! And let us have faith that our prayers will be heard.

Thoughtfully, we look up at the altar, watching the altar-boys moving about, wide-eyed and reverent in their red cassocks and stiff collars. We hear the choir boys, and the fullness, the glory in their voices as they sing **Gloria in Excelsis Deo**. And then into each heart comes again the sadness and the longing, for may we not remember other eyes that were so sleepy in the candlelight, other voices that sang the Christmas hymns. And then we may find it is not hard to pray.

And all the love, and the glory, and the comfort that is in Christmas Eve at midnight will make us glad that God has trusted us with life. May we then say, with the Magi—

"Where is the newly born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to adore him."

THE MENTION OF NEW YEAR'S, BESIDES MEANING JUST NEW YEAR'S Eve, also means it's time to dust off the volume, choose a chapter, and turn over a new leaf. (No, we didn't say leave — get your mind off the Navy!) But speaking of books — and we trust you won't forget all about them during Christmas week — by some dark and devious process of reasoning, we arrive at the subject of the library.

It continually amazes us when students sign up a vital book for one night and become so fascinated by its cover, or possibly by its inside pages, that they keep the book out an extra day or more. Such arduous devotion to learning is most touching, but such steady efforts to gain in the pursuit of knowledge certainly force the rest of us to learn the hard way. The way we look at it, when a girl comes in to school at eight thirty and signs up a book, the poor, deluded early-bird does so in good faith that she is the first to request it for overnight use. And so, she goes blithely through the day, happy in the thought that tonight she can pursue knowledge. (This is still 1944, and knowledge is all there is to pursue.)

Classes over, said student rushes gleefully to the library and adds her eager voice to the clamor already raised. And then! The blow falls! The book was not returned at all today. Someone forgot! Our eager-beaver is no longer so eager, and the prospect of a quiz on the morrow makes life look very dark. (A little light reading could fix that up, but we must keep this on an intellectual level). We ask you, compassionate reader, do you want to destroy our faith in human nature, and so young?

New Year's comes but once a year, so how about starting it by putting the best foot forward. If you sign up a book—don't forget to call for it, because someone else could be using it. If you take a book out overnight, no matter how intriguing, bring it back the next day. You frown at people who hoard sugar and nylons. Let's not have to add books to the list.

A. F.



NOTE: To the Subtle among ye!

That piece on the stocking is supposed to be in the shape of a stocking. Catch? Merry Christmas, and to all a good-night!

The Staff.

Loria Staff

VOLUME XXI, NUMBER 2

CHRISTMAS 1944

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Dedication

We could not bring this issue of Loria to a close without offering to Sister Germaine our most sincere thanks for the constant effort and guidance she has given us. She has been more than an inspiration - - she has been a friend. To Sister Germaine, the staff of Loria extends sincere wishes for her success. May she always find the best that is in life, and all the happiness that is in every New Year.

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LORIA

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Listen, Darling

MARGUERITE McGUIRE

"BE SURE TO LISTEN TO-MORROW AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN 'CRAMER Creams', the complexion aids of beautiful women, bring you Maud Mayer in another episode of 'Forever Yours'."

"'Forever Yours', foey!" muttered Maud as she drew her sables about her, and with dramatic dignity, swept out of Studio 3C. As she passed the control room, her eyes carefully avoided those of Assistant Producer Jay Wyatt whose thumb and forefinger, drawn into a circle, were signalling 'perfect show'.

"I'll say it was a 'perfect show,' Maud remarked to a nearby chandelier, "and I don't mean 'Forever Yours'."

Her trim blue shoe with an extra-high heel was tapping noiselessly on the heavy carpet near the elevator when Jay swung through the door from the studio. Maud gave the DOWN button a second ferocious push, but the dial still showed that the car was fifteen flights away.

"Flight!" Maud turned swiftly towards the stairs and collided with the rough tweed of Jay's jacket.

"Darling, for heaven's sake be reasonable —," he started with a determined voice and as firm a grip on her arms as the soft draped furs would permit. "She's only —"

"She's only a blonde with a come-hither look in her eye. Really Jay!" The elevator dial read "7".

"But I only —"

"You only took her to the Stork Club **and** the Waldorf **and** El Morocco, had your pictures taken in each place and then had them printed in all the morning papers!"

The elevator door slammed open.

"Down?"

Maud stepped into the crowded car. As Jay started to follow, the operator's crisp voice said, "I'm sorry, sir. Next car please," and she closed the door in his annoyed and startled face.

Jerry Welsh, the sound effects man jumped up as Jay slammed the door of the control room. The script he was reading fell from his lap and slid across the floor making a white path.

"What's the matter, Jay? Heart trouble?" He grunted as he stooped to pick up the script.



"Women!" was the disgusted reply. Jerry straightened up, then ducked as another script sailed over his head and landed in a neat heap in the corner.

"My dear, Jay," he said with much dignity, "let's not start throwing things! You not only scare me half to death and make me drop one script, but then you toss others around for me to pick up. My waistline isn't that big, yet!"

"I'm sorry, old man." Jay paused to light a cigarette. "But for crying out loud, what gets into women?"

"Maud?"

"Who else?"

"What is it now? Let Papa Jerry play Dorothy Dix! — Jay, — you didn't forget her birthday?"

"Lord, no. That's in June."

"You forgot to say her dress is nice."

"Has she a new dress?"

"How would I know! — I'm just trying to find out what the trouble is."

"I broke a date."

"Oh! — That's bad."

"Worse than that — I went out with another girl."

Jerry gave a long, low whistle thru his teeth. "Red-head?"

"No, — blonde."

"Ouch! — Whatever made you do that?"

"Cramer called me last night, said his niece was in town—wanted me to show her the spots. One usually does what one's sponsor wishes." Jay crushed his cigarette with a savage twist of his shoe.

"Maud is reasonable, Jay. Why don't you explain?"

"I tried to, but when I phoned yesterday she wasn't home so I left a message saying I couldn't see her last night. Then Jo Ann, — That's Cramer's niece — **had** to have her picture taken every place we went. Maud saw them in the morning papers before I could talk to her. Of course it looked bad — now she won't listen to a word I say. — O.K., Miss Dix, do your stuff." But Jerry was already half way out the door. As it was closing, he turned and, in a falsetto, said, "If you write me in care of my column, Mr. Wyatt, my secretary will be glad to help you!"

Next morning, Maud arrived on the arm of a Navy Lieutenant. In the studio she said, "Tom, this is the gang — Jerry, sound effects; Mary, Jack, Jimmy, and Alice from the cast; Bill, Ed, and Jay are over there behind the glass of the control room."

Tom saluted them. Bill and Ed waved. Jay cursed his luck and looked gloomy.

Watching from the control room, he found the pantomime between Maud and the lieutenant most annoying. "Twenty-three months overseas — before I met Maud a year and a half ago — darn him, why does he keep his arm around her waist? She looks so happy — Good Lord, Jo Ann!"

The last was spoken in horror as Jo Ann's slight figure slipped into the studio. From the top of her feathered hat to the tip of her alligator pumps,

she personified petite beauty. Jay's deep groan was interrupted by Mr. Cramer of **Cramer Creams** who entered the control room.

"All set, Wyatt? My niece wants to see the rehearsal."

"Fine, Mr. Cramer, I'll get things under way."

Jay watched the rehearsal discontentedly. The central room seemed over-crowded with the engineers, Jerry and Cramer. His head ached, the script seemed bad, Maud was edgy, excited. That lieutenant! Only Jerry's sounds were perfect. After several complaints over the control-room-to-studio mike he muttered savagely, "Over-critical," and made Cramer jump.

After a second try the show went well. Maud winked and smiled at the Navy man too often, but she took her part well and always picked up her cues on time. After rehearsal the studio cleared. Cramer went to see the Production Manager. As Maud and the lieutenant stood talking, Jay saw Jo Ann join them and introduce herself. Well, now Maud knew the "other woman". Jay hurried out, through the hall into the studio.

"Hello, every one." It seemed hearty enough. (Icicles from Maud, a warm grin from Jo Ann).

"Good show, old man." The Navy man — he was friendly, at least.

"Glad you liked it, but now I've worked up an appetite. How about lunch?"

"O.K. by me! Maud?"

"I'd love it, Tom." She spoke right into his eyes.

"You, too, Jo Ann?" Jay offered her his arm.

"It would be nice. I guess I've lost Uncle Bill."

The restaurant in the building was filled with radio people. Maud and Jay were stopped at least five times before they reached the table. Jo Ann and Tom, already seated, were holding an animated conversation. Tom hopped up to hold Maud's chair.

"Just discovered that Jo Ann's brother was in training with me, Maud. I shipped with him once." Without waiting for comments, he turned to Jo again and picked up the conversation where they had left off.

Maud and Jay ate in silence. Tom and Jo Ann never stopped talking. Their coffee was cold and their ice cream soupy before they noticed it with a laugh.

Abruptly Tom announced, "Jo Ann and I are going to a show. Alright, Maud?"

Maud jumped back from the fog into which she had drifted. "Huh? O sure, Tom. I'll see you later."

Left alone, Maud looked at Jay coolly.

"Why did you let him do that?"

"What?"

"Walk off with your blonde."

"Why did you?"

"Wha?"

"Let her walk off with your lieutenant."

"Tom?" — her voice softened, "He's my brother, silly."

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Christ on Court Street

FLORENCE BURNS

THE ALOOF AND FRIGID ATMOSPHERE OF LIBRARIES AFFECTS ME THE way banks affect Stephen Leacock. They make me wish I were some where else. Consequently I was little less than amazed when I opened the curtained door of 117 Court Street and found myself in the bright warmth of the Don Bosco Free Catholic Library. It reassured me immeasurably to find that the Librarian was young enough to wear a sweater and skirt and look like a bobby-soxer, and that she was — horrors! — talking out loud to two friends.

"Oh, come right this way and I'll introduce you to Mr. Quinn, the director. He'll give you all the information you want," was the prompt reply to my inquiries. In a small room at the back of the library, Mr. Quinn was reviewing one of the new books. His welcome was most encouraging; within two minutes he had assented to give me some information about this branch of the Catholic Library Apostolate and I was comfortably settled with pen poised and index cards in position.

The almost insurmountable problem of just where to begin, proved to be a bogey that vanished under Mr. Quinn's direction. Since so little is known about this work, he suggested that a little background might be welcomed.

On June 6, 1936, a group of six young men opened a free Catholic Library at 207 Court Street. It was a barren store which their twenty-four books did not quite fill. They were convinced, however, that the need for such a service was great enough to warrant their sacrifices. For two years they struggled along, supporting the venture out of their own pockets. The Library was open daily from 12 Noon to 9 P. M. — as it still is — which necessitated day and night shifts.

Of course a work of this type must be regulated. Mr. Quinn pointed out that this small group established general policies to which, despite the difficulties involved, succeeding staffs have clung. The founders determined that the library would not continue unless completely free of charge. It was always to be staffed by volunteers. No articles were to be sold to support it.

"In view of the early financial handicap, these simple rules must have required great determination in their actual execution," I commented — in somewhat simpler language, you understand.

Mr. Quinn nodded as he lit his pipe. That the policy paid, however, is indicated by the fact that two years later moderate results justified removal to a slightly larger store at 194 Court Street. Although there had been little publicity, Catholic lay people had somehow learned of the work and generously donated books. Stoddard's **Rebuilding A Lost Faith**, Conway's **Question Box** and various Lives of the Saints now had almost 900 companions on the shelves. A few young girls offered their services but readers were still being recruited from the ranks of passersby.

It was in its third year, Mr. Quinn continued, that real success began to come to the little group. The Library moved to its present address,

17 Court Street on January 31, 1939 and almost immediately found that the new location in a busy neighborhood attracted the curious. The window displays were made as attractive as possible to stimulate "Window Shopping for Truth." Arresting placards began to attract non-Catholics. Curiosity and the desire for discussion led them within, where the librarians have always been happy to converse and to suggest books written by scholars. Often the non-Catholics display their willingness to "Take and Read" — the library's motto, by the way. Many false impressions have thus been dispelled. I was prompted to ask if any direct results have been obtained in this way. The answer was definitely affirmative, and then some.

The work of conversion has been carried on since the library's foundation. Regular readers are permitted to borrow books for non-Catholic friends on an automatic renewal basis. At present some hundred books are out on this basis each month. The value of this policy is reflected in the fact that thirty converts have been made through the Library.

I asked Mr. Quinn to tell me some of his experiences at the desk, and after drawing quietly on his pipe for a few minutes, he said, "Well, there's one case I'm working on now" and proceeded to relate the story of a Methodist minister who stopped in some time ago just to look around. Mr. Quinn recommended some books and the minister subsequently came back for more. At Christmastime he dropped in to gather a few notes for his sermon. Mr. Quinn was glad to oblige. The procedure has since been repeated and "You can be sure he is getting Catholic doctrine." He leaned a little forward and with a jesuitical glint in his eyes said "If he stays there long enough, he'll convert his whole congregation for us."

While we were still chuckling it occurred to me that this was the first personal note struck during the interview. Several "leading" questions opened an entirely unsuspected phase of the library work. In 1939 Mr. Quinn joined the staff and saw the opportunity to further his two main interests in life, Catholic Literature and the Legion of Mary. He established the first Praesidium of the Legion of Mary in May, 1942 and the second in June of that year.

The Legion was founded in Dublin, Ireland in 1921 for "... the sanctification of its members by prayer and active co-operation ... in Mary's and the Church's work of ... advancing the reign of Christ," says the Handbook. Although a chaplain is attached to each Praesidium, it is not in any sense a religious order or a substitute for one. It is a religious organization of lay people which demands the daily recital of the Magnificat with an antiphon before and after; attendance at a weekly meeting and at least two hours a week of active work.

A little inner voice prompted me to ask Mr. Quinn how much time his position as director consumed. Very matter of factly the answer came back, "I'm here all week. That's about seventy-two hours." He evaded comment by skilfully turning our attention to the Library's Moderator, Father James Rogers.

It seems that formerly the Moderators were attached to parishes and could give little time to the work. It was not until November, 1942, when Father Rogers was appointed to fill this important position that the Librarians began to feel sure of a Moderator for more than a few months at a time. Our guileless

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I Stand Here at the Station

DOROTHY HARRINGTON

I STAND HERE AND WATCH A TRAIN PULL SLOWLY OUT OF A LITTLE country station nestled on the plains of Long Island. I bid it a tearful farewell. "Touching scene," you murmur. Little do you know! It has been my fate for almost four years to enact this scene at least every ten days. Traveling on the Long Island can lead to horrible and grim consequences. It could make you lose your faith in human nature.

Witness: For four consecutive days you arise with alacrity upon being called, dress, dash out of the house and arrive breathless at the station at 8:04½ to board the 8:05. 8:15 finds you standing (waiting for the 8:05), your teeth chatter, your face has taken on the hue of the stone pillar to your left, and at the back of your mind a little voice queries: "Will I make that class?" Your brain is clouded with visions of an unsympathetic board listening to your frantic appeals with cynical smiles. Finally when you've just about decided that "you should have stood in bed"; that education isn't worth the price, the 8:05 arrives. By the time the train reaches your little town, crowds have gathered and instead of relaxing on a blue-leather cushion you're crushed between (a) one broad man with a black cigar (which he is giving you the full benefit of) and, (b) one small "Eager Beaver" reading the New York Times avidly. With each turn of the page your hat is knocked off your head, a masculine elbow comes dangerously close to your "good" eye and you vow that never again will you wait for the late train, (and I do mean late.)

On the fifth day — you're not so fast in getting up, but you don't worry. The train's always late, might just as well take it easy. But — the cruel fate which watches over commuters has a bitter pill for you to swallow. On this bleak day you arrive at the station with a cheery smile and a sense of well-being fills your soul. Suddenly to your horror you see a train — leaving the station — and you. It's the 8:05 — on time for the first time in weeks. And you, you're sunk. When you recover from shock and dismay, you console yourself with the thought that at last the railroad has achieved its long promised efficiency. The trains will now start to run on schedule. But alas, you stand at the station the next day and find that you have been living in a fool's paradise.

And then there was the time ("long ago and far away") that you had a date in the big city. You had vowed that you would not forget the hour, that you would positively be on the 2:30 A. M. You really meant it, too. But what happened? You left late! The subway got stuck! — and you arrived at Penn. Station too late (too often your parents said). What to do? You could walk! (Now let's not get hysterical!) Maybe get a room in the Hotel Penn? No that required money. Oh well you had to face it! You had to sit and wait for the next train, which was a good three hours away. If only there were a "good" ethics book handy to while away the hours.

Are you still with me? Have you just about decided that the Vanderbilt Avenue limited isn't so bad after all? I could tell you more sad tales but I have to dash. I have to catch the 6:30 train or else I'll . . . oh why bother, you know the rest.

Marya

NANCY COOK

MARYA SAT LOST IN THE DEPTHS OF THE ADIRONOCK CHAIR. AS SHE swung her feet above the brown August grass she sighed deeply, scarcely seeing the farm truck that was rattling up the drive. Hardly had it jerked to a stop when her father stepped down. For a few seconds he looked worriedly at the little girl sitting quietly under the old pear-tree. Then he reached in the cab for something left on the worn, leather seat.

"Hey, Marya. Come see what I've got for you," he called. Looking like a school-boy, he stood with his hands behind his back, waiting for Marya to cross the prickly grass on bare brown feet. Even her fat flaxen braids drooped pathetically as she looked up at her father.

"Don't you want to see what I've got for you, Marashka?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Well, here he is then." With a comic mixture of hope and triumph, her father produced a flop-eared cocker puppy whose velvety eyes were sad enough to match Marya's own.

"He's all yours. C'mon and take him."

Marya retreated a step. "He's nice, Daddy, but he isn't Teddy."

With quivering lips she whirled and fled down the gravelled drive to the cool dark barn. Her father gazed after her then down at the pup whose rosy tongue was tentatively licking his hand.

"Young fella, that didn't work so good. I guess we'll have to try again."

Back came the puckered frown to his face as he walked slowly to the screened side door. A cheerful rattle of dishes and pots cut the hot noon air. The grandmother turned in greeting as her son came in from the white glare. Her bright black eyes lit on the puppy still cradled in the man's sinewy brown arms.

"Ah Jim, you have him. Has Marya seen him?" The musical old-country accent still spiced Gran'mas speech.

"Yep, Marya's seen him okay but it didn't seem to make any difference. She just said he wasn't Teddy and went tearing into the barn. Honest, Mom, that kid's worrying me. Sometimes I wonder if I just shouldn't give her a good spanking and surprise her out of this grieving for that old dog. After all, he was only a dog and he had to die sometime."

Smiling slyly, Gran'ma concentrated on the biscuit dough. Jim had never spanked Marya nor ever would. She was too much like the older Marya, Jim's wife for only two years. Gran'ma carried the pan over to the oven, the wide boards creaking under her weight. She thought for a few moments before she spoke.

"Jim, remember it's the first time Marya knows what it is to lose something she loves. Maybe you say Teddy was only a dog but he was Marya's since she can remember. He was the only live thing she had to play with except when there is company. Sometime I think it's too quiet here for her. She should have little girls to play with and little boys to tease her. It will be good when she goes to school."

Jim put the pup on its four unsteady paws. It trotted over to Gran'ma, sniffing and playing around her sturdy peasant's feet. The old woman smiled. She loved little things increasingly since her own young spirit had been imprisoned in an aging, heavy body.

"He likes me." She poured milk into an old saucer and bent grunting to set it before the pup.

"Sure he likes you." Jim's face lightened as he watched the puppy lap. Then it fell again. "But what about Marya?"

"We'll see. Marya is not like every child, Jim. She thinks, maybe too much. But she's okay — you wait and see." Gran'ma broke off at the sharp bang of the screen door.

Marya was back from the barn. She walked over to the sink looking casually at the puppy nosing for the last drop of milk in the saucer. This year Marya had grown tall enough to reach the sink without stepping on a box. There was a hint of coming slenderness in her soft roundness. Carefully she washed and rinsed her hands. As she passed behind her father he tugged at one silk braid and asked,

"Do a good job, Marya?"

A quick smile lit her face.

"Of course, Daddy." She held up her hands for inspection.

"Don't you think we should tie the puppy's ears up so we won't have to wash them every time he finishes eating?"

Marya shrugged one shoulder in a curiously grown-up gesture. Indifferently she replied,

"I don't know, Daddy."

"M'm ff." Gran'ma set a pitcher of foamy milk on the table. Come Marya, help me put these things on the table. Your father must get out before it's time to come back for supper."

Obediently, Marya began trotting between stove and table. Finally they sat down, Gran'ma muttering an old Polish grace. They ate quickly with silent enjoyment. Farmers don't linger over the noon dinner in good working weather. As soon as he was finished, Jim stood up.

"I'm going over to Krakowski's, Mom, and see about that new potato-bogger. I'll be back for supper, though. Be a good girl and mind your Gran'ma, Marya.

"No, you stay here, young fella'. Call him, Marya."

The little girl sat silent. Finally Gran'ma lifted her voice.

"Little one, you stay with me. Maybe we have a nice big bone for you to nibble on."

Gran'ma rose stiffly.

"Marya, you help me clear the table and then you like to shell peas for Daddy's supper maybe?"

Over her last spoonful of jelly, Marya nodded vigorously. Fresh pods popped so crisply and the peas flicked out so smoothly. For a few minutes the kitchen was still except for the swish and click of dish-washing. The sun poured in, burnishing the copper pots to gold and shedding an extra aureole around the picture of our Lady of Chestachowa. Gran'ma looked around at Marya's head bent over the shiny green peas and then at the

neglected puppy curled up in a sunny patch on the worn white boards. She began talking softly to her dishes in the old tongue. Polish was a sign that Gran'ma was thinking of the home-land and generally meant a reminiscent flood of tales about dwarfs and princesses and peasant lads.

"Gran'ma, what're you thinking about?"

"I think, Marshka, about the circus we saw last year in the city."

Marya put down her peas, surprised. This was something so new that she remembered it vividly, not a legend of far-off Poland.

"Do you think it'll ever come again, Gram? Do you think we'll ever get to see it again?" Marya's nose crinkled with the memory of that indescribable exciting, hot, pungent smell.

"I don't know, Marya." Gran'ma waddled over to the table and began peeling apples. "Do you remember it?"

"Of course I remember. I remember the pretty ladies on the elephants and the little horses and — and everything. She finished breathlessly.

Gran'ma nodded. "Will you remember your fun even if you don't go again?"

"Oh, Gran'ma, don't you think we might go? Sometime? Marya looked worried.

"I think maybe yes, little one. But even if you do go, you'll always like this one in your mind?"

Marya nodded. "But I would like to see another one."

"So." Satisfied, Gran'ma peeled her apples quietly for a moment, leaving Marya to her dreams of saw-dust.

"Do you remember the day you dressed Teddy up as a baby and put him to bed under a pear-tree?"

"Uh huh. He was funny with that bonnet on, wasn't he?" Marya giggled.

"You have fun remembering Teddy, just like the circus. That is so good to remember. But you are lucky, Marya, you have Teddy to remember and a new puppy to play with."

Marya pouted scornfully. "This one isn't Teddy."

"The new circus will not be the old one," reminded the old woman.

"You go over and make friends with him."

Hesitantly Marya crossed the kitchen and touched the dozing ball of fur. Startled and sensing the little girl's constraint, the puppy darted under the stove, turning around there to brave the world.

"There, see? The old puppy doesn't even like me anyway." Marya was close to tears.

"He is frightened of you and you know why." Gran'ma laid down her paring knife.

"No I didn't — and I don't care, either." Marya stared at the puppy resentfully.

"Sure you care, but you mustn't sulk, Marya. The puppy knows you don't like him yet so he is frightened of you. With anything, Marya, you must really like and show it if you want to be liked yourself. You liked your Teddy so he liked you back and you were happy. Are you happy when the puppy is afraid of you?"

Marya came over to the table. Gran'ma sprinkled a sliced apple with cinnamon and sugar and gave it to her piece by piece.

"You really like the puppy and you are my Marya again — not some strange child. You'll be much happier if you like a great deal, even with puppies."

For a few moments Marya stood quiet. Then she took the battered favorite among her dolls and slipped out the door. Gran'ma watched her walk back to the barn, little eddies of dust stirring under her bare feet. Ever since she could toddle Marya had sought the companionable dimness of the barn with all her little treasures, hurts and thoughts. Then, satisfied that her words had reached their mark, Gran'ma turned back to her pie. Venturing out of his refuge, the puppy scratched vigorously.

The rest of the day passed quietly, to the slow tune of the heat locusts. When Jim returned, supper was filled with farm talk between himself and the shrewd old woman. Seemingly casual, he actually held Marya closely until her bed-time brought explanation from his mother.

"Marya and I talked. I explained some things to her."

Jim chuckled. His mother's laconic phrases concealed a world of material always.

"That little one thinks, Jim. You can say things to her. She will be all right."

"Okay if you say so, Mom." Jim was satisfied.

Marya woke next morning when the sky was pale grey and a few birds had just begun a sleepy chirp. She lay quiet listening. The house was still. Slipping out of bed, she pattered downstairs, barefoot. The puppy was curled up on an old mat in the corner. Marya called softly and he wobbled to his feet.

When Gran'ma and her father came down, Marya was watching him lap up his morning milk. She turned a shining face toward them.

"Isn't he cute? Daddy, do you think I could call him Taffy, because of his color, I mean?"

Her father chuckled, "Sure, I think that's a swell name. Don't you, Mom?"

"So, a very fine name." Gran'ma was pleased. Everything was very fine.



Oomphatically Speaking

MARIE McGLYNN

WHEN A HUSKY VOICE SAID, "MAXIE, PUT SOME OOMPH ON ME," THE transformation began and pretty school teacher, Clara Lou, became the svelte, alluring Ann Sheridan.

A few years ago, a very Latin Senorita, her thick black hair drawn straight back and sleekly knotted at the nape of her neck, danced in a California Spanish Cafe. Her features in general, were good and though her mouth seemed a bit too large for beauty, there was something about her.

When the public acclaimed Rita Hayworth, the enchantress, they were praising a girl whose once swarthy skin was newly endowed with a golden glow; her hair, a few shades lighter and curled in a long loose bob framed a forehead that had been widened with an improved higher hairline, and added to this, a seductive smile — all part of her new personality. In Hollywood there's a good deal more to it than:

"Little specks of powder, little dabs of paint

Make a little maiden look like what she ain't".

Just where would the glamour that is synonymous with Hollywood be, were it not for those creative denizens in the wide field including hair dye and false eyelashes? The answer to this question must be purely imaginative because a loss of all things cosmetological would spell catastrophe for Hollywood. If they think you're worth a test, the expert facial carpenter will do you over from cellar to attic, redesign your nose, level off the hills and valleys on your face and go in for general reconstructions that make your image on the screen a stranger to you.

When a star struts in front of the giant lens, she has been improved and streamlined in every way possible. How many times have you admired the perfect coiffeur of one Hollywood's own? A mass of thick ringlets over her forehead, two healthy pompadour waves sweeping upward from each side, and besides that as much hair as anyone ever had on her whole head curled loosely on her back. Would it make you feel any better to know that the make-up man probably had to become familiar with the exact color and texture of her hair and then make especially for her the bangs, pompadour, chignon or whatever she may have required to impart that rich, full appearance. The face has been carefully studied and her eyebrows have been trimmed and shaped to compliment it. Arched a fraction of an inch too high, they will make her eyes appear smaller. Her lips are outlined symmetrically to conform with the rest of her facial lines.

Like as not the perfectors of beauty will decide a star can smile more effectively if her teeth are covered with a set of porcelain caps. If there is only a slight irregularity of one tooth, it can be remedied easily by filling the tooth in with white wax until it is even with the others. No only do the adults, male and female, need this attention. One veteran at the ripe old age of ten had worn out six sets of false teeth a year. If during the shooting of a picture, a juvenile happens to be going through the stage of losing teeth,

his scenes are held up until a tooth exactly like the one lost is made and fitted into the vacant space.

Any number of photogenic improvements can be made with make-up. It was once assumed that you had to have high cheek bones and broad features in order to look like anything on the screen. Now the delicate features of the Virginia Bruce type are as photogenic as the Myrna Loy type.

And speaking of Miss Loy — she and Kathryn Hepburn form outstanding examples of those who are blessed (?) with freckles. They must be sure that these sun spots are well hidden from the revealing eye of the camera. Because freckles, unless completely covered, will fairly shout when transposed on the screen, even the tiniest spots must be obliterated under the illusion of flawless smoothness that panchromatic make-up creates. Yes, cosmetics and cosmetology have reached a peak that is a far cry from the inadequate make-up in the early twenties. Do you remember the vamps of the Valentino era, their cheeks sunken in because they were laden with rouge? — or gobs of mascara and eye shadow improperly used, giving their eyes the soulful appearance of holes burnt in the head? Add the extremely high pointed cupid's bow to which all females were addicted and the results offer little competition for today's pin-up girls.

To the naked eye, screen make-up is very heavy. The actors and actresses walking around a movie set have the appearance of overly painted mannequins with deep red lips and complexions ranging in color from yellow to orange, until they step under the intense brightness of the lights which fades the excess paint to normal. The intensity of the Kleig lights is heat producing and in California, especially in summer, the actors are inclined to get quite sticky. But you'd never know it. Panchromatic make-up is not affected by perspiration. It is also weatherproof which accounts for the flower-fresh appearance the fair ladies maintain during and after anything ranging from a walk in the rain to a storm at sea followed by the traditional ship wreck and desert island.

Just where does the art fit in with all this? An artist must know colors and their effects on the sensitive eye of the camera. B. C. Keisling says, that the camera could decide to snub Gorgeous Gloria and register her as a dying ugly duckling if didn't see eye to eye with the make-up man on the colors he used for her. The slightest flaw in make-up is magnified twenty times. Even a tiny mistake in blending becomes a marring blemish on the screen.

All this just for every day parts, for which the structural appearance of the actor's face remains unchanged. If cosmetology is indispensable for just ordinary parts, how much more important for character parts?

Before stars like Bette Davis, Claude Rains, or Frederick March, step into character they often have to adopt a completely new set of characteristics in order that they may look the part they are to act. This entails a great deal of data. If they are portraying a character from real life, pictures of the subject are necessary. In changing Paul Muni to Emil Zola, three months were spent in gathering portraits taken at various stages and ages of the author's life. All of which adds up to no little time. But once the kinks

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Faculty Facts

MISS HUSCHLE IS ANOTHER OF THE FACULTY WHO SHOWS HER GOOD taste by making her home in Brooklyn. From Francis Xavier High School, she came straight to St. Joseph's, just a small school at the time — fifty students! Clubs, society, and athletics were either not greatly stressed or non-existent (which leads us to assume that the emphasis was on more scholarly pursuits). After graduation, she went on to take a J.D. degree at Brooklyn College, and an LL.D. at Fordham University — and emerged ready to take her place as a Career Woman! Together with another member of the Alumnae, she began her practice of law and has continued it until the present time. Teaching is all right as far as theory goes, but she thinks it should be balanced by direct contact with the concrete, practical side of her profession. She keeps in touch with the latest developments through her work in her office at Sixteen Court Street.

This, together with her work here at the college leaves little time for the pursuit of "extra-curricular activities", but, if you press her, she will admit with a slight, far-away look in her eyes, that she hopes to acquire the hobby of travelling, some day.

Although she didn't mention it, the chapel is the more beautiful for her lovely gifts. Have you noticed the beautiful scannin and the crucifix with the double corpus that hangs over the chapel altar? And to think that at the beginning of the interview Miss Huschle protested that she couldn't think of anything that would interest the girls!

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are ironed out or put in, it takes only an hour and a half to apply it for each day's shooting. That means Bette Davis and Anna Neagle could both arrive at a studio at seven-thirty, and by nine o'clock they'd have Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria ruling England simultaneously from two different thrones on two different sets.

If you have ever wondered how you will look at seventy-five, a cosmetician in a few moments can show you the results of a lifetime, and while on the subject of ages—you know that soft, sweet, motherly look so common among the dear, old ladies of the screen? Sorry to disillusion you but the actual face of the actress is underneath a mask which photographs much better than she ever could. That goes for fathers too.

Among male stars there are not many like Wallace Beery and Ronald Colman who possesses strong character lines that can be left unadulterated, and who are allowed to encounter the camera barefaced. Although the ordinary glamour boy's make-up takes only about twenty minutes to apply, extreme care is taken to comb and wave his hair and to emphasize, with a touch of brown, the beguiling cleft in his manly chin.

If the art of cosmetology makes the change and the oomph is in the make-up — Caloomphornia, here I come!

Don't Just Stand There - -

Pick Me Up!

GLORIA WAGNER

COMES THE GREEN GRASSES, THE BALEFUL BREEZES, THE SOOTHING sunshine, and "all God's chillun" like nothing better than to have an excuse for being outdoors. If you seem to be running out of alibis this year, how about adding the art of riding to your list? You say you don't know how to ride? You've never been on a horse? Then listen closely, chum, you're just the vict - - er — pupil I want.

The first consideration for any sport is always equipment, in this case, leave the horse until last. Don't however, scramble to the nearest Davega store and outfit yourself with London tan breeches, Buenos Aires cowhide leather boots, and a \$7.50 riding crop. It's not that we're boycotting Davega's, but let's be practical, old girl. Why not, instead, for the first few riding sessions — wear some don't-care-about-'em slacks made of a strong, durable material, and a pair of old sturdy shoes.

Now we have the girl — say, come on back, we're not finished yet — and the clothes. The next step is to sit down, and wait for a luscious Spring afternoon to blow our way. It comes, we go! Previously to this we have selected a good riding academy — with fine horses and an enticing atmosphere. This "atmosphere" stuff is determined by making subtle inquiries about the stables. The one with the least number of deaths reported is inevitably our choice. In the stables our trusty steed is saddled for us, girth tightened, neck patted. Let me pause a moment to observe an interesting psychological process. Usually beginners start the ride by referring to their mount as a "trusty steed" or "a mighty mare." Later its a "gallant horse," then a "horse," finally it degenerates to a "nag," a "plug," and so on down.

This brings us to the actual moment of mounting — which may be attempted from either of these two methods, or both: 1. step on to the mounting block, into the left stirrup, right leg swung over. This plan of attack starts you on the correct path toward being "master of the situation." 2. Start boldly with both feet on the ground. With your left hand grasp both reins and the neck of the horse — with your right, the saddle — then, left foot in the stirrup, a heave, a push, right leg swung over and — whoops — well, come around to the left side again, and we'll go over it once more.

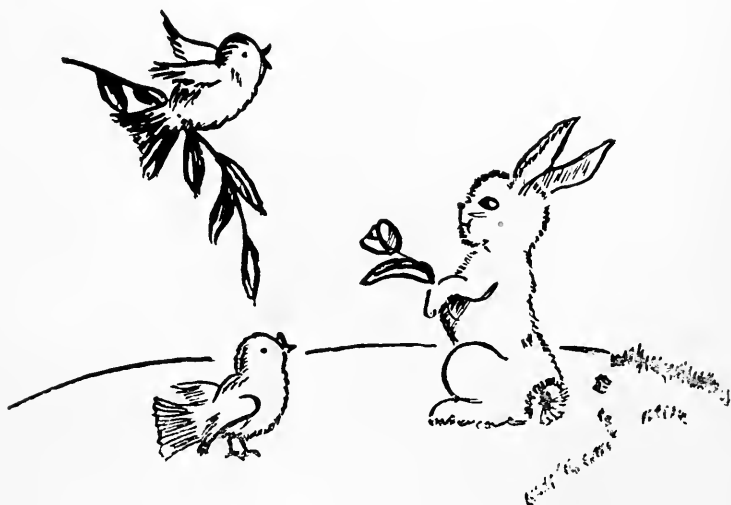
You're settled, all comfy and cozy-like. Sit your horse bravely, masterfully. Prevent your posture from following the curve in the horses neck, and instead — sit straightly, showing the animal the confidence you have, even if you're not fully convinced. Beginners usually have their stirrups set shorter than normal for a more secure feeling, but there's no use in riding the "jockey way," which incidentally, shortens the distance over a horses head to the ground. Hold the reins in both hands, with your little hands **over** the reins — **so**. Later you'll be able to do it with one hand — sort of a "look, no hands — look, no head" affair.

To give the little creature the hint of walking, dig both heels back sharply into the horse's ribs. This will produce one of three effects: the horse will start walking, the horse will not start walking, the horse will gallop off and you'll start walking. Taking it on the premise that the horse will start walking, you'd better forget all ideas you may have had about being master. From now on it will be anybody's guess as to what will happen.

The present situation is walking, and you're his passenger. With constant practice and a stiff — unbreakable — backbone, you may someday evolve into a rider. The position of the feet in the stirrups should be: toes pointed in heels out. This, I may add, is for your own safety — since it prevents unnecessary little jabs at the horse with your heels and keeps your legs securely in the stirrups. Now everything seems to be going so smoothly, that you express a desire to post. The reins are drawn back sharply, the heels dug in, the horse trots, and voila! you post! The principal idea in posting is to keep your knees tight against the horse, heels down, back straight — and your thigh muscles in, popping up, and down. May I mention that this "popping" should always be in rhythm with the horse's gait?

Your next lesson is entitled "How to Canter", which is ridiculous — 'cause the horse does the cantering. When the horse starts cantering — so assuming you're a brave individual, I'll word it differently, when you put your horse into a canter, grip tightly with the knees, brace your feet forward slightly, sit back easily in the saddle and pretend you're in a rocking chair. A prerequisite is one vivid imagination. If something goes wrong, and the canter develops into a gallop (really a fast canter) use the same methods, but add some fervent prayers.

This is terrible! Here I've mentioned all these lessons without teaching you the most important one, but perhaps it isn't too late. When falling off a horse, try to relax, and when you strike the ground, as undoubtedly you will, roll away from anywhere near the horse — to escape his hoofs. This is really a simple trick to master, and you'll probably use it many — why, where is everybody? They've all disappeared. Hmm — wonder if it's anything I've said?



Mail Call

"... CHRISTMAS WASN'T TOO BAD THIS YEAR. WE HAD A BIG TURKEY dinner and two Christmas trees. The one in the Wardroom was given to us by a boy who worked on the boat the last time we were in. It was a little artificial tree his mother had sent him. It seems that he had had it since he was a baby. He figured that he would rather it be on one of the subs at sea, since he was shore based, and that we needed it more than he. We are going to mail it back to his mother with a note thanking her.

The Christmas tree in the Crew's mess hall was made by the machinists and the electricians. The frame was made of baling wire and the leaves were pieces of cardboard, tied on. The whole business was painted green. They took small light bulbs and painted them all sorts of colors. It really looked good — it seemed real until you got up close to it.

ANNE HINCHEY

WE HAVE A SMALL ARMY FRENCH GUIDE WITH ALL THE WAYS THERE are to ask for something or be polite. So, armed with more nerve than knowledge, three of us went prowling the other night. We approached a farm house through the farmyard and as it was dark outside we weren't sure whether it was the house or barn — they look and smell alike. A boy of about sixteen came to the door — and Doc popped up with "Bawnjour kid." At which the kid grinned a bit more. Slippery told Doc he used the wrong term for the situation. He said he should have said "Au revoir". — The boy was beginning to laugh outright so I figured it was the time to talk business. I held out the bottle and said "Juh voodray duh bottles of cider and if you keep grinning like that I'll slap you in the teeth." Of course I smiled as I said it so he wouldn't be offended. — He said "Merci" and I said "Mercy to you too, and mercy on me when I drink this." We then beat a retreat amid a shower of "bon knees", "mercies", and "so longs".

MAUREEN HASTINGS

THE FIRST RECONNAISSANCE TRIP I WENT OUT ON WAS WITH BILL AND our lieutenant. Bill was driving — the trip turned out to be both hair raising and funny. Bill firmly believes in courtesy of the road and kept on edging toward the shoulders (that's where the mines are usually buried) to let other vehicles pass . . . that's bad business and the lieutenant didn't hesitate to tell him so — and neither did I. Anyway, they kept on bickering (I kept on shaking) until Bill got so fed up he told the lieutenant to drive the jeep himself — that he just came along for the ride anyway.

Another evening we anchored at the foot of a snow-covered volcano. Every once in a while, black smoke would pour out. We went ashore about midnight to look for clams, but all we found were shells. The water was crystal clear so we could see the colorful bottom of red lava, strewn with white, blue, and green shells and rocks. It was quite an experience as we were miles from nowhere, and it was very, very quiet.

This morning I was able to attend Mass at the Cathedral here (Christopal). The church was quite big, though nothing like St. Patrick's. They did have beautiful side altars though. The statues were dressed in silks and satins — very unique and picturesque.

Margaret Cogan

IT'S A WONDERFUL THOUGHT TO FEEL THAT AFTER ALL THIS TIME you still remember me daily in your prayers. There have been times when I knew someone was praying for me. I want you to know that I truly appreciate these prayers, as we all do.

Ann Culbert

IN ENGLAND, THE PUBLIC HOUSE SERVES AS THE COUNTERPART OF the American Drug Store, General Store, Town Hall, Lodge, and Barber Shop. It's the place you come to, men and women, young and old. He might rather have wished that he was bringing his girl into the corner drugstore back home — that they served things like chocolate sodas, black and white sundaes, and cokes, but pubs don't, — and ice-cream parlors "ain't".

Gay pictures of London are not the sort people are accustomed to, and they are actually not true pictures of a town that once knew how truly to make merry, but now goes about it in a wartime pretense. For while the drone of V-1 is now more of a horrible memory of those 80 or so days last summer, the tension has been kept taut by its successor, and now unbroken silence overhead is but a prelude. So while some try to forget and grab at a night's fun, others queue outside subways, and later make their beds on the deep, damp platforms of London's underground system.

Evelyn Burkart

AT A CERTAIN DEGREE OF LATITUDE, CHUCK (NAVIGATOR) TOLD ME TO turn out the wing lights so we'd be blacked out. A few minutes later — BANG — we were in a heaving, tossing cloud. The ship bucked wildly and threw the gunners all over the floor. It lasted about two long minutes and then we were through it. You may have heard the weather reports speak of a "cold front" or "warm front," etc. Well, the general indication of a front is a long line of clouds sometimes stretching hundreds of miles. We had just passed thru a front and so we were over again in fairly smooth air but with almost a solid floor of low clouds — A while more of comparatively less turbulence with the lightening getting worse all the time, and then we hit the third front. I take my hat off to the people who make and who install the rivets in a B-24. Why they didn't all fall out from the strain I don't know. We estimated that those clouds had started about 100 feet over the water and ranged up to 2500 feet. They were text-book examples of the dreaded, towering cumulonimbus. "Thunderhead," cloud formation, known to have flipped the largest planes over on their backs and to have broken others into two very useless pieces. We were now in an area of large scattered clouds that didn't bother us too much, but as we looked out we could see the propeller arcs as four big rings of flame, and the leading edge of the wing outlined the same way, as though a blue neon light had been installed along it. It was St. Elvao's Fire, a perfectly harmless electrical phenomenon.

When Chuck's established time of arrival ran out there was still no sign of Yap. Five minutes later we thought we saw lights ahead and to the left. There were clouds all around us but we managed to catch sight of it again just as the last of the lights went out . . . It took fifteen minutes to find the blasted island again because of the darkness. We never would have found it if Howie, down in the nose now, hadn't screamed, "Hey, I see the breakers!" A few manœuvres and Jim said, "Pilot to Bombardier, you got 'er, Howie!" That meant we were on the run and Howie had complete control of the ship through the auto-pilot and the bombsight. One of the things that helped us find the island in the first place, was the big cloud over it, a common meteorological (wow!) occurrence. But now it was to be our undoing for Howie moaned that he'd lost sight of the target, and we started looking for the island all over again. Finally we found it again and a green light flashed on my instrument board for each bomb that fell. Chuck came up to tell us we hadn't hit the assigned target, but almost as good — beside the runway where airplanes are parked — Of the three planes which go through, we were the first Americans to bomb Yap.

Maureen Hastings

TONIGHT A GROUND FOG CAME UP. OUR SECTION IS ON A RISE OF land, about thirty feet higher than the rest of the camp. The ground fog was about twenty feet thick. We could look down to the West Area and see the ships taking off. As the sun settled, the fog turned orange-ish. Looked beautiful to see the B-29's drifting into an orange mist and vanishing, and startling to see them rise like wraiths out of the swirling clouds. I wanted you to see it — close your eyes — can you see it now?

IRENE TOLAND

THERE'S A CUTE LITTLE NATIVE YOUNGSTER NEAR HERE WHO IS ABOUT four, has the biggest black eyes in the whole world, and the most trusting smile I've ever seen. Everyday I pass his house at about the same time, and every day he stands there waiting for the piece of gum I give him. A couple of weeks ago our canteen exhausted it's stock of gum, so for several days I'd just smile and pat him on the head as I passed. He must have been puzzled but he'd always give me his big smile in return. Then one day as I came down the street, he ran out to meet me, a happy smile on his face, and in the grubby little fist he extended to me was a piece of Dentyne gum.

VIRGINIA RYAN

THE WEATHER WAS TERRIBLE. EVERY NIGHT IT EITHER RAINED OR snowed and our slit trenches were always full of water. For four nights Doc, Harry Goodman and I sat huddled together trying to sleep sitting up with our feet in water. We only managed to get snatches of sleep. When the jump off came we had to carry our guns and that's where the trouble started. We had to negotiate knee deep mud in many places and Doc fell down twice with the tripod on his shoulders. The tripod (51 lbs.) hit him on the head both times and the second time he got up in a daze. I was ready to sit down and bawl like a baby. I was so exhausted and sick when I saw Johnny my heart dropped into my shoes and I forgot my own misery. Johnny didn't answer unless I yelled at him and he had to be led. The medics took one look at him

Three on a Match

MARGUERITE McGUIRE

"THAT'S TOO BUD-ISH!" sighed Diane as she snatched a pert plaid bow from her black curls and let it drop with a click on the mirror-topped dressing table.

"What, in heaven's name, are you talking about?" her mother called from the adjoining bedroom. "How can a boy look like a bow?" she punned unintentionally as she walked into Diane's "Clover" room.

Ever since the curtains with a gay clover and blue ribbon print had been hung for Diane's birthday, the room's name seemed inevitable. The pale pink walls and the dusty lavender-rose background ("mauve-dusk," Diane insisted) of the curtains glowed in the electric lights and made the room look dreamy. The dressing table, with a peasant skirt of the clover material and laced with pale blue, stood between the draped windows. On the opposite wall, a bulletin board near the door displayed the highlights of a sixteen year old's life. Family communications, photographs, phone messages, cartoons, newspaper clippings, pictures of THE VOICE, all were crammed together and held in place with pale pink thumb tacks.

Diane's mother stopped at the bulletin board and gazed at a tiny snapshot of Bud that was placed pathetically between a large formal portrait of Ross and an athletic looking newspaper picture of Ken in swimming trunks.

"What do you mean it looks Bud-ish, dear? I think it is sweet."

"That's just it, Muth. Must look smooth for Ross. He's the crepe dress, not the sweater, skirt and mocassin type."

"I guess you know what you are talking about, dear," was the baffled reply. "Your light blue is in my closet if you want to wear that. Ross will surely like it." As an afterthought, she added, "Bud called today, Diane. Wanted to know if you would go to the Valentine's Dance in school."

Turning quickly, Diane said sharply, "You told him, 'No', didn't you?"

"Why, no, dear. I said that I thought you might like to go, and that I would have you phone him."

"But, mother, you know Ross asked me first. And he dances so well."

Moving to a position directly behind her daughter, Mrs. Hallock gazed into Diane's eyes as they were reflected in the mirror. Her own twinkled more than she wanted them to.

She laughed, "Diane, how do you expect to dangle three boys at the same time and not have dates and men conflict?" She paused to note the effect of her words. Diane looked puzzled, quizzical.

"I don't want you to date just one boy, but you are leading Ross, Bud and Ken a merry chase. All three are in and out of this house every day." She grinned. "Someday, at the front door, they will bump too hard, and you will be left without anyone."

"But, Muth, I'm not dangling them. You like them all, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, so do I. They are all so different. Ross seems older — a

little too 'smart' at times — but suave." She slid into the blue crepe. "Ken is more all-round, and Bud's the one-laugh-after-another type. He is such fun." She patted her hair back into place.

"Diane, you are impossible," her mother interrupted smilingly as she turned to leave the room. "And hurry up. Ross will be here in five minutes."

"Yes, Muth."

"And put out the lights when you are finished." She paused on the top step of the stairs. "You're sure you can eliminate all but one date for the dance?"

The only answer was a half grunt from Diane's wide-open, half-lip-sticked mouth.

The doorbell rang on the fourth stroke of eight o'clock. "Always on the dot," thought Diane as she dashed about collecting her gloves, bag, earrings and other feminine gadgets that were scattered around "Clover." She hurried out the door, turned back to put out the lights, discovered her forgotten lipstick, dashed out again, and scrambled down the stairs. Three steps from the bottom, she stopped. Throwing back her shoulders, she stood straight, put her hand at the back of her neck and tossed her hair away from her collar.

From the living room Ross' voice drifted, "That gyro-stabilizer certainly is a wonderful thing. Imagine, Mrs. Hallock, on a tank or a battleship —"

Diane sat down on the bottom step and waited. The voices, which had become a drone to her inattentive ears, ceased. She heard her mother offer Ross a cigarette. Silence followed, broken by nothing but the rasp of a lighting match.

Diane arose gracefully, and walked with undetectable care toward the room. Her gay, "Ross — hello there!" was interrupted by the demanding ring of the phone. As she ran to answer it, she heard Ross say to her mother, "O, the jalopy is fine. Fixed her carburetor today — thought at first the ball bearings would have to be replaced but —"

"And he dances so well," Diane had to whisper to herself.

Mrs. Hallock, in a straight backed chair near the living room's door, heard only half of the intricacies of the mechanism of Ross' "Rounder, the Jumping Jalopy." Her strained ears were hearing, "I know, Bud, but I **never** thought that **you** would ask me." Diane's voice almost cooed yet it lacked the artificial note of the traditional coquette.

"Yes, I did, I promised . . . sorry, I . . . the next time, Bud . . . Betty Lou's party? . . . I'd love to . . . Alright then. Bye." You could hear her voice smile.

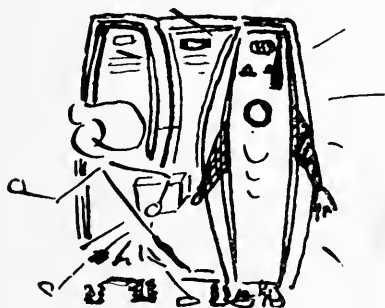
"Of course, it is messy with all that grease," Ross' voice cut across the room and shocked Mrs. Hallock to attention. "But I don't mind as long as I can clean up in a stiff shower and get the black out of my nails. Gosh, it's persistent stuff."

Diane's entrance on the last word caused Ross to bob up quickly. He took the smart red and black coat that she had flung over her arm, and held it while Di slid smoothly into its satin lining.

Going OUR Way

MARY COLLINS

"STUDENT GOVERNMENT — IT'S A FARCE! PUPPET GOVERNMENT'S a better term. We haven't even been given a chance at real student government." Sounds familiar, doesn't it? But should it? Why do we always complain about what we haven't instead of trying to "accentuate the positive"? Try making a list of pros and cons some time — or better yet — do it now. As a little help, let's take a look at the record.



Remember High School — the rule of thumb — **under** the thumb! The first thing that stands out is compulsion. Do this at three o'clock, go to Benediction in a body, don't wear socks, take that lipstick off! Sure it sounds childish — but it wasn't very long ago, was it? And now you're in college. Who questions what you wear, where you go, — big brother's jacket, little brother's hat, lips of red, nails of green. So you've got a free hour, huh? Get the key to the gym, dance in the "Rec" dash out for a coke or a cigarette. That's something. But these are little things and student government offers more than this. What about that farce?

Is it a farce when you can pick your own room and choose your view of a two hour final delivered on the hour? No proctor here! But behind this goes hours of planning by the Exam Committee, just ordinary kids upholding their own share of responsibility. Is it a farce?

Busses late, trolleys missed, feeling sick? Who listens to your tale (and many another) as part of their job. How many colleges delegate attendance to a student committee?

And then there's Extra-Curricular. Did you know that "you hire and fire" your own coaches. And it isn't the Faculty Committee who sets up the program. Your wishes and interests are the deciding factors.

Your Student Committee carries them out. Just another behind the scenes view of responsibility accepted.

Did you like that G. A. last week? It was words and music by the Junior Class, the spirit of $1 + 1 + 1 \dots$ built a co-ordinated program. Is it a farce?

Their various interests and those of your representative activities are centralized in your Council under the direction of your elected officers. Gold and white tassels, yes — but your Junior Councillor can tell you what it means to do dirty dishes day after day. Her real mark of office is dishpan hands. The pound has put on more than a **little** weight. It's no fun to play janitor to more than four hundred girls — ask your Sophomore Councillor.

These are abuses. The remedy is Student Government — self-government. Yes, it's an honor to be elected to an office. But more important must be the honor of the student body, cultivated by each member of that body. You, you, and you have an ever present responsibility to the rest of us if only because you are left to yourself — or it should be so: left in silence in the library, responsible in the kitchen and in the "rec". (It must be gremlins who slip those chairs from corner to corner and then freeze the controls.)

Naturally some one forgets at times, but if each one of us remembers that she is a member of the Undergraduate Association and that as a member she has not only the rights but the burdens of responsibility, the dishes, to cite just one example, would be done by the first girl who sees them there.

If a good pragmatic reason would help — you only get out of

something as much as you put into it. You can't expect much from the school in material or immaterial aid, in development for yourself, unless you put yourself into the school. But why should we need an argument like this? Interest should be spontaneous. Why isn't it? Why? Have you got the answer? Why doesn't someone bring a problem like this to a U. A. meeting? It's much more fundamental than "Should the banners go up or should the banners come down?" If you are interested in something, learn to sell your ideas and to live them yourself. **You** are a member of the U. A. and so you have a part in everything.

In a positive way the privilege of Student Government is one of self-criticism in place of discipline: we work with those on our own level rather than under a superimposed authority. How much better to feel the understanding of fellow students than to stand before a tribunal of another era, regardless of their sympathetic interest.

Let us aim to live honestly and independently by our own criticism. Student Government is individual responsibility and responsibility is important in the little things today as well as in the more important things tomorrow. We should have enough interest in the school and enough spirit to do the little things.

To belong is of the essence of youth. We have asked you to belong. In that is the honor, jointly held by each of us. Take it to your heart and join with us as, one with those who came before, we seek the pattern of responsible womanhood. We can go swinging on a star — or would you rather be indifferent?

Is it a farce?

"Well, we're off!" Bye, Muz."

As she blew her mother a kiss, she received only a sly, amused look in return.

The next morning, with a broad yawn, Di stumbled from her bed, slid drowsily down the stairs and took the phone which her mother put before her half closed eyes.

"Ummmmm," she mumbled.

"Hello, Sleepy," answered Ken's voice, sounding disgustingly chipper. "Come on, wake up."

"I am awake." Di yawned loudly. "O 'scuse, please."

"Hope it's not the company."

"Of course not, silly, but it's an ungodly hour to call on Saturday morning."

"Morning! Have you seen a clock, my pet?"

"Just a sec." Stretching far backwards, Diane stuck her head into the living room and squinted at the thermostat clock. Its accusing fingers wagged at 12:05.

"My gosh!" she said half to the phone and half to herself. "My gosh!"

"Was that your echo, beautiful, or the clock mocking you?"

"Ah, don't tease, Ken. Muth lets me sleep on Saturday. Says it's my day, but golly, I didn't know it was that late."

"I didn't mean to wake you, Di, but rouse yourself while I sing the glories of the Valentine's Dance. When I have finished, I hope you will say, 'Yes, Ken, I would love to go —' Diane's heart gave one big thump and then seemed to collapse.

"Ken, I would love to, but —" she hesitated a minute. Ken waited.

"... but, Ken, the Senior Prom in June — it's so special, I thought maybe you — you know, Ken. I didn't think you would ask me for both, and the Prom is so special — Ken, you and the Prom seem to go together — Huh? Of course, I saved it for you."

"But, Di, June! This is only February."

"Well, for goodness sake, Ken, I'll see you lots. Don't sound so tragic."

"You really are saving it especially for me, Di?"

"Uh-huh." A lull followed that made Diane open her half closed eyes.

"Di," Ken's voice sounded eager.

"Di, how about Friday night? We could go to a movie and then have a coke at Carl's. O.K.?"

"I'd love to."

"That's the right answer, but the wrong cue. How about the dance, Di?"

"Please, Ken, don't make me feel bad." Diane's voice was soft, almost pleading. "You'll be there and we can have some dances and Friday night will be such fun, and time flies so, June will be here in no time and the Prom is so special." She gasped breathlessly after her spirited speech.

"You are, too," she added, softly.

"I'm what, too."

"Special." Her voice was lilting now. "Friday, Ken? Let's make it early. About seven-thirty? The show at the Royal starts at quarter to eight."

"The Royal! You mean see the VOICE! Ah, gee!"

The corners of Diane's mouth drooped in annoyance, and her hand slid to toss her hair from her neck. With forced gaiety she said,

"Then let's make it the Lincoln."

"Swell!" Ken sounded happy. "Seven-thirty Friday, but I'll see you in school before then. — Are you awake now, Di?"

"Seems so."

"I hope! Don't forget. So long."

"Bye."

Diane sat back comfortably, stretched hard and yawned lustily. Her mother coming from the living room walked into her daughter's arm that blocked the doorway.

"Ken?"

"Yes, Muz."

"How is he?"

"Fine. Wants me to go to the movies Friday night."

"You won't be too tired?"

"For what, Muth?"

"Well, you have to be up early on Saturday if you want to get the 10:30 train to Drifton. Aunt Marthe says you will love your new cousin."

"O, that will be all right. The show's never very late." The last words were enveloped in another wide yawn.

"Muth, what shall I wear to the Valentine's Dance?"

"You have two weeks to think about that, hon," said her mother as she scanned the phone book for the grocer's new number. "The gray and pink is nice."

"Yes, but Ross has seen that so much. Besides, I think I'll wear it to Aunt Marthe's and then it will need to have its face lifted. Guess the dark green is best. Has more oomph." "Mother," she added eagerly, "doesn't the dance sound wonderful? — and Bud, and Ken, and Ross are each happy, and everything's settled perfectly!"

The following Sunday evening found a Diane bursting with stories of the new baby. The week-end had been a huge success, and the family had not been able to say a word in the face of Di's flood of excited jabbering.

"Ah, she's so cute," Di began again, "so little and —"

"Yes, dear, I know, pink and white and pudgy. But, Di, you haven't given me time to say a word, I'm afraid I have a disappointment for you."

"What's the matter, Muz?" Diane's eyes showed real concern.

"O, it's not that sad, dear, but the Valentine's Dance which you manoeuvred so carefully is off."

"O, Mother." The sub-deb's voice was almost a wail.

"Well, it isn't exactly off. It's postponed. The Board of Trustees say the High School is using too much fuel and with the shortage so serious,

it would be better to have the dance in warm weather."

"Have they decided when?" The remark sounded routine as if the answer were immaterial.

"Why, yes, dear. The first week of May, I think. It's called a Spring Dance now. And all that man trouble over nothing!"

Diane stood up and walked wearily toward the stairs.

"I suppose it will be just as nice, but I had wanted —" This was directed more to herself and the newel post than to a person. From the steps she called, "Any mail?"

"No, dear, but three phone calls. The messages are on the bulletin board.

Slightly revived, Diane ran up the stairs. After reading the bulletins, she sank onto her bed in despair. Three short notes were pinned up with the pale pink tacks. They were headed: "Ken," "Bud," "Ross," and under each name was jotted, "Would you like to go to the Spring Dance?"

(continued from page 6)

"You mean I've spent all morning worrying about a man who is your brother! — Well, anyway he took Jo Ann off my hands."

Maud looked at him, unbelievably, over her compact as she applied Daring Red to her lips. Jay was watching the top of her hat.

"Maud"

"Mm?"

"There's one line of to-morrow's script that I want to rehearse with you."

"Which one?" The compact snapped closed.

"The last line in the first scene."

"Just a second, I have the scrip right here." Maud dropped the lipstick into her bag and pulled out the small pile of typed pages.

A sheepish grin spread over Jay's face as she thumbed through the beginning of "Forever Yours".

"Let's see — first scene — last line — 'Of course, I want to marry you, darling'."

Jay smiled. "That's the one! Let's hear you say it again — with feeling!"



question concerning his duties provoked a short laugh. It seems that in addition to providing a point of reference for the twenty-three legionaries who now constitute the staff, Father Rogers also teaches at Cathedral College and acts as Chaplain at St. Charles' Hospital.

Since 1939, not only the circulation department but also a much needed reference section has been stocked with books. There are as a result over 5300 books for general reading and a large number of magazines and reference books. A cursory survey reveals about thirty-six classifications ranging from fiction to philosophy. Throughout the years biographies have led in popularity and the present library membership of 2700 finds them equally satisfying. Mr. Quinn attributes this to the humanizing technique used in recent years by authors of saints' lives. The Library is proud of its present 800-900 monthly circulation and estimates that its total circulation in the past eight years approaches 45,000.

Readers represent the five boroughs and Long Island; they include long-shoremen, laborers, housewives, factory workers, office workers, students from Catholic and secular schools, professional men and Religious.

Biographies, Apologetics and Philosophy are the most popular subjects. **Damien the Leper** by John Farrow has had steady popularity since 1938 and is rivalled only by Katherine Burton's **Sorrow Built A Bridge**. Gheon and Yeo also enjoy special popularity. Fellow students will be particularly interested to learn that every effort is made to secure books recommended by teachers.

Not content with the work already accomplished, Mr. Quinn is working for the day when the Library can have a building of its own, a center for Catholic culture and Catholic Action. He hopes to see a central system inaugurated which will relieve a few individuals of the total responsibility of the Library and which will represent the interests of Catholics throughout the Diocese.

When I had finished scribbling, he said, "Any questions?" I couldn't help asking if he didn't find the work dull at times. He shook his head as he said, "I haven't missed a day since I joined the staff but the work constantly fascinates me. Books are not dead issues on the shelves, for Catholic books, truly understood, contain value of eternal quality. — Anything else?"

"Whatever became of the first twenty-four books?"

"They fell apart and have long since disappeared."

"And the first six librarians?"

"One, a Jewish convert, left to do social work among young boys, and all six have since entered the armed forces. The name, Don Bosco, was chosen because the Saint had just been canonized and the young group thought that this prolific writer and patron of youth would be especially appropriate for their work."

Mr. Quinn's pipe had long since gone out. There was no real reason for lingering, but reluctantly I gathered my notecards and thanked him for his generous help. As I left, I smiled at the bust of the kindly old priest—St. John Bosco—who looks down from a shelf-top on all within. He is the spirit of this Free Catholic Library.



Earth and High Heaven

GWETHALYN GRAHAM

BY LIMITING HERSELF TO WARTIME QUEBEC AND PERSONS RATHER than Attitudes, Miss Graham has given herself the widest possible range for a good, compact novel.

With a deep appreciation of character, she gives Marc Reiser, Erica Drake and their antagonist Charles Drake, Erica's father, depth, breadth, and height. Always we recognize them as not only individuals but as members of a particular society, and again of society in general. On that hinge does the novel turn. Marc is Jewish and Erica is English Canadian and society says never the twain shall meet. But it is David, Marc's brother, who points the way for them and resolves the action. Until then there is conflict and irresolution which destroys some of the high hopes of Marc and Erica. It is true the decision is their own to make but when the author continually hints that if Charles Drake will only meet Marc all will be well, it lessens the artistry of the novel.

The author with a calm, authoritative manner in even, fluid prose presents the story of a mature love against a background of erupting social standards. Incidents such as that in which Erica realizes her father's selfishness can be recalled with clarity due to the ability of the author to present and leave a lasting impression. However all is not solemn in **Earth and High Heaven**. The afternoon tea at which Marc and Erica meet and the rare look into Erica's newspaper office have subtle humor.

This novel can not be read in between breathing spaces. You'll cheat the author if you don't give your full time to it.

G. L. R.

The Peoples of Southeast Asia

BRUNO LASKER

ANOTHER IN THE SERIES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS DEALING WITH the difficulties to be encountered when the world resumes a peaceful course, this latest addition to our library deals with a little known and less considered portion of the human race. The war in the Pacific has drawn our attention to this area, but only in connection with the struggle now taking place. Very few of us ever stop to consider the inhabitants of this corner of Asia and the neighboring islands, or their part in the post-war world. To enlighten this situation, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to encourage the study of international relations, has donated this volume under the auspices of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

A thorough comprehension of these peoples and their peculiar problems is needed for successful post-war adjustments. Mr. Lasker is preparing a basis for this understanding by destroying popular misconceptions usually connected with the "South Seas". The author's style is rapid and lucid; he is tremendously interested in the people of whom he writes but is also very impartial. In spite of its good features, the book lacks interest because of the technicality of some sections, and therefore the general reader is apt to find them dry.

H. A. S.

Anything Can Happen

G. & H. PAPASHOILY

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IS A JOYOUS LITTLE SAGA BY A GEORGIAN immigrant and his American wife — George and Helen Papashoily. Mr. Papashoily begins his story when he lands on Ellis Island just in time to be stunned at the generosity of a country that provided power to transport even strange passengers to shore, and for nothing. From here on Mr. Papashoily is in his element, for if America is a land where anything can happen George Papashoily is the man to cope with and enjoy these happenings. His first job in New York where the proprietress wept as she begged him to leave, his cross-country trek and encounter with Navajo herdsman, his cure of a sick friend by the liberal use of garlic sauce — are but parts of a list of incidents long and mirthful. I can guarantee that the reader will be provided with after-dinner conversation for at least a month.

The virile gay Georgian tongue flavors the English subtly and skilfully. There is nothing so crude as a dialect which would send the reader screaming into the night after a few pages. Mr. Papashoily's native idioms, however, melt with English to form a delicious new language blend. The temptation to quote is almost irresistible, but once begun, this reviewer would not be able to stop. By far the book's greatest recommendation is the spirit of love and faith and laughter that gives each page its own warm life. Mister Papashoily would say it better, I know, but what this country needs is more of his philosophy of optimism.

N. C.



ALL THE MAGIC OF FAIRYLAND IS WEAVING its spell at the Broadway Theatre where Margaret Webster's production of the *Tempest* has found a second home. The familiar story of the shipwreck which caused old wrongs to be righted, restored the Duke of Milan to his rightful throne, brought happiness to his daughter and the young prince of Naples, and freedom to a sprite and a monster, has come to life with a crashing of cymbals. Miss Webster has done it again.

Technically it is a superb piece of dramatization. The play moves at a rapid pace as Shakespeare intended it should. The five acts have been reduced to two and the scenes merge naturally, one with the other. There is no break in the action, no enforced period of waiting. This sequence of events is made possible by a revolving stage. While the boundaries of the island are always in sight, new phases of it are revealed; thus, at one point, Ariel leaves Prospero's cave and ferreting out Trinculo and Stephano, the Jester and drunken butler, leads them a merry chase over the crags and moors, until finally they find themselves before the master of the island. Not one portion of their antics is lost because the audience follows them. The continuity is preserved and the gossamer threads of unreality are never broken.

Deft characterizations are especially important when fantasy and reality are combined. The performances of Vera Zorina, as Ariel; Arnold Moss, as Prospero; and Canada Lee, as Caliban, are excellent. Zorina gracefully flits from the caves to the moors and with swift and sprightly movements scales the crags. She has a hauntingly sweet voice which provides the "Marvellous sweet music" so necessary to create the atmosphere. The perfect embodiment of Shakespearian majesty is to be found in Arnold Moss. His composed manner harmonizes with his kingly robes and his vibrant voice, sometimes soft and low, sometimes stirred with anger, makes him an ideal Prospero. There is no reason to doubt that such a man possesses magical powers. Canada Lee, grotesquely costumed, is properly guttural as the debased Caliban. He feels the superstition and fear that beset Caliban; his crouch and his ape-like walk make his responses seem natural and believable.

The young lovers are delightfully portrayed by Frances Heflin and Vito Christi. There is warmth, naivete, and charm in their performances. George Voskovec and Jan Werich in their first Broadway appearance demonstrate their ability as comedians, and pantomime is given another chance to prove its worth. The minor characters contribute adequately to the general effect.

The mood is preserved until the drop of the curtain; just as the final speech, originally in the fourth act, summarizes the whole:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of . . ."

F. B.

Under the Sun

MARGUERITE McGUIRE

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS of — clothes! Around the middle of February, the department store advertisements seem to take on a new aura. Budgets are forgotten! A fantastic mental wardrobe of the very latest takes form. But how late is the very latest?

Dipping into information gathered from medieval manuscripts shows that the man who said, "There is nothing new under the sun," along with the, "History repeats itself," bard, must have had in mind clothes as well as the less frivolous aspects of life. Medieval times were not less subject to fads, especially in head gear and coiffs that were fantastic and short-lived, than the modern world of Lily Daché and Antoine. Passing fancies and all, many similarities in clothing can be traced through the ages. The Romans may have gotten from the Greeks and the English from the Romans, but when a damsel delighted with a draw string bag may be placed either in the fifteenth century or 1945, than certainly history does repeat itself.

Basically, medieval gowns were a very different style from those pictured in **Mademoiselle** or **Vogue**, April 1945, but the female touch of accessories and trimmings prevails in all ages. In the middle ages as in modern times embroidery was carried out in gold, silver and colored threads of silk and wool and was sometimes set with jewels. Rich embroidery edged the Saxon women's tunics, and it is believed that these borders were transferred from one garment to another, just as today's miss will wear a ruffled dickie or a lace jabot with many different dresses and Spring Suits.

Fur has always been used extensively. The picturesque, hooded, fur-lined cape used by the peasant of the early middle ages for strictly utilitarian purposes led to the extensive use of fur for linings in the thirteenth century. The modern miss who wears one of Russek's fur-lined Chesterfields will vouch for their warmth.

To complement rich gowns, head dresses were elaborate and not less freakish than the modern chapeau that is continually derided in radio jokes. If a high school girl choosing to protect her curls by a long scarf becomes the butt of scornful looks, she should refer all scoffers to Medieval manuscripts. Custom apparently decreed that the locks of Saxon women be entirely concealed. Colorful "head rails" of silk or linen, two and a half yards long and three-quarters of a yard wide were drawn over the head from the left to the right shoulder. Put such a head covering on a model in Abraham and Straus, label it, "Fascinator," and capture many a customer. Several Cotton MSS. contain brilliantly colored illustrations of the head rail, which is sometimes identified by the French name, "couvrechef."

A "couvrechef" was worn in much the same manner as the head rail, but when extra long, it was clasped with a brooch beneath the chin and allowed to hang in folds to the hem of the gown. In this way it served the purpose of a head covering and a cloak. Not unlike this elongated couvrechef

is the hooded, velvet evening wraps so universally worn by desmoiselles on dancing dates.

Until the twelfth century, the custom of completely covering the hair prevailed among women. Only young girls and brides exposed their hair and wore it loose. If a gallant, young, Anglo-Saxon warrior dashed home from the front and begged his betrothed to marry him before the next battle, her wedding veil would present little difficulty. In Anglo-Saxon tribes, the brides' flowing tresses served this purpose.

Toward the end of the 1100's, "crespine," nets of gold mesh, were introduced. Worn like modern evening nets and snoods, they covered the hair attractively. The besequined nets of today also had a parallel in the Middle Ages when jewels were placed at the intersection of the mesh.

In the twelfth century, as styles changed, women uncovered their hair and keen competition began. The length and thickness of the hair became a criterion for beauty, so much so that the demand for artificial hair was enormous soon after it was introduced. The coiffures of Hollywood's glamour girls, enriched by carefully matched manufactured curls, are definitely not a twentieth century invention.

As the newly-exposed hair grew longer and longer, braids, common among French femmes, found their way across the Channel. The English women intertwined colored ribbons with braids or bound the ends with strips of silk. If a medieval girl had gone to school, her beribboned braids might easily have been dipped into an inkwell, just as Johnny is dunking Suzy's in almost any classroom today.

Just as any one costume is not universal now, so in Medieval times clothing differed with the individual taste. Despite the widespread uncovering of the head, women still wore hats. Some were decorated with wimples, long drapings that fall down the back from a high, cone-shaped hat or were draped under the chin and across the shoulder. A few years ago, milliners introduced a modified wimple that soon adorned every bonnet from \$1.98 to \$49.98, but their popularity lasted only long enough to allow every American citizen to look up "wimple" in Webster's.

One flat-topped, medieval hat, like a pill box in shape, if tipped to a forty-five degree angle could form the foundation of a modern chapeau, but modern women's hats do not trace back only to female fashions of the Middle Age. Men's hats pictured in Iris Brooke's **English Costume of the Early Middle Ages** closely resemble today's collegy cloche, the acorn or beanie shape, and the pointed or Chinese shaped hat.

In history, men had the priority on richly adorned gloves, a badge of royal or ecclesiastical authority and a sign of power. Gloves in the modern sense of the word came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. Women's long sleeves often rendered gloves unnecessary, and gloves with fingers were not introduced for women until the thirteenth century. Because of their office, men's gloves were richly designed long before women's which remained unadorned until Elizabeth's time.

When the Norman Conquest brought an influx of trade, personal luxuries such as gloves and shoes were available for those who could afford

them. Under Norman influence, footwear became slightly pointed at the toes, but the fad was short lived. Just as today, many different styles were popular. For boots and shoes, leather, either dressed or undressed, was used. For less rugged wear, the Medieval Englishman fashioned shoes of felt and silk, often embroidered and ornamented much like the latest bedroom slippers.

The most usual style in any material was a slip-on with a pointed, elongated or round toe, with a high vamp, but among travelers, peasants and religious a toeless and heel-less sandal, modern enough to wear on the beach this summer, was in wide use.

Beneath these shoes, women wore simple, tailored stockings that reached to the knee or just above it. Stockings in the Middle Ages were not sheer (45 gauge rayon, no doubt) but rather of any material suitable for the need. In the twelfth century hose of colors were used to match or contrast with other garments. This fad was revived between 1925 and 1930 when women, wearing short evening gowns had silk stockings to match. Nor has the custom completely disappeared in this, 1945. Hose of red, green, black, etc. are still displayed as a la mode.

As a finishing touch, it may be noted that other feminine fancies such as necklaces of carved and graded beads, rings, brooches, and bracelets with brightly colored stones have always pleased Madam, and cosmetics have been a must since the ancient days of Rome.

That "latest creation" you are planning for Easter — t'will be glamorous, of course — but don't expect history to say, "My dear, I've never seen anything like it!"

SPRING GARDEN

I think to plant some carrots here,
Squash there, and turnips in the place
Where the shade is coolest—
His voice trailed off—
The garden grew by rows and patches
Of planted seedlings
It was a miracle of changes
Human fruity things
In soldierlike alignment
She rejoiced at their neat arrangement
The smells of earth fresh turned
The heavy odor of cabbages and kale
But a child passed by the road
Laughing—
And bent to kiss a flower.

MAE CALHOUN

Post - Post - Scriptum

ACROSTIC MONOLOGUE OF A LIAR

Spring! That's one season I can't stand — leaves on trees, grass, flowers — ugh!

Please don't refer to new Spring clothes. I'd much rather model my baggy tweeds than those smart gabardine suits and budding bonnets.

Riding? My deah — you can go riding in any season — what advantages does Spring offer? Besides — who wants to be outdoors so much; it leaves hardly any time for studying.

Ice, snow, shivr'y blasts. That's the life for me, when you live in a welter of boots, damp clothes, and Kleenex. And how exhilarating it is to come from the slushy streets, into a cozy little house where you can indulge in your favorite indoor sport of defrosting the radiators.

No use talking about the dazzling blue skies, gentle, warming sun, and sweet smell of grass. It's always the same old thing—spring after spring.

Go ahead and doubt me! If you want to go gamboling on the green, picnicking in the park, swinging a daisy chain — go right ahead. As for me, I'll be just five steps behind you!

G. W.

FOUR AND A HALF, **NEVER**

*Better late than Never
A wise man once said.
But he hadn't ever
Half-cuts over his head.
Better still never late
Said one even more canny,
A miss whose sad fate
Was a half-cut too many.*

D. H.

Lyric

*"Whisper" said the willows
"Whisper" said the trees.
"Whisper" said the goldenrod,
Waltzing with the breeze.
"Shout" called my heart
Youth is for a while.
"Shout" called my heart
"Love and sing and smile."
"Whisper" said the willows.
Why is youth so gay?
"Whisper" said the willows
Or love will steal away.*

R. G.

BREAK OF HEARTS BY FLOWERS

*Her Easter chapeau
Startled her bean—
Behold a "dashing" Romeo!*

P. McG.*

TEASE (with apologies to Kilmer)

*I think that I shall never see
A boy in blue who sighs for me.
A boy whose manly voice would say:
"Meet you tonight at eight, O.K.?"
A boy who dances with a swing
While crooning in the tones of Bing:
A boy who will an orchid bear
And think that I'm his lady fair;
Upon whose face a glow is seen;
Who's nonchalantly "on the beam".
Dreams like these are fun to state—
But where in the world can I get a date?*

G. W.



SPRING FEVER

I

*Whenever I go to college along by
Prospect Park
I lean out the trolley window to hear the
dogwood bark,
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times,
but I always stop for a minute
To look at the Park, the lovely Park, and
wish that I were in it.*

II

*As I approached the College grounds all
dismal and forlorn
With ghostly tests and book reports,
haunting the bright Spring morn,
I dream of the Park, the lovely Park with
monkeys in the zoo
And wish with all my learned brain that
I could be there too.*

III

*I never have had a holiday, but I hear
there is such a thing.
With nothing to do the whole day
through, but eat and dance and sing.
And as I go my weary way, with home-
work yet to do,
It really wouldn't be so bad with a holiday
in view.*

IV

*So whenever I go to College, to hear the
teachers drone
I seem intrigued with an S. S. class but
inwardly I groan
And wish I were a moron with no
collegiate care,
For then I could romp in Prospect Park,
as free as the Birdies there.*

MACCUS and BUCCO

and sent him to the rear. He was sent to the aid station and they evacuated him to a hospital right away for observation. Since then I have heard he was suffering from concussion but I haven't heard from him.

As we entered the town the platoon was stretched out along a stone wall and we were running with our machine guns on our backs. I had the tripod. All at once a Heinie machine gun opened up on us and believe me he was out for blood. The bullets passed between our legs, past our chests and faces but didn't hit a man. We promptly hit the dirt and the second burst splashed mud in my face and one slug passed right over my head and snapped a twig in a brush behind me. We were all scared silly so we acted silly. We were all making wise cracks about the marksmanship of our friend and one guy started hawking life insurance policies. We all had a big laugh out of it but the laughter was all on the surface, believe me. We took that town and a bunch of prisoners in two hours.

MAUREEN HASTINGS

Loria wishes to thank all those girls who submitted letters for publication.

Restoration of a Replica

"ambitioning a mightier womanhood"

I would Thou keep us women, Lord,
And with Life's countless learnings,
A lasting, bright mosaic piece
Of trials, and tears, and yearnings;
And pray, Thou Master Craftsman, do
Each artisan direct,
In tracing out the bold outlines
For women circumspect.
To our short vision so obscured
Describe, define perspective,
Illumined in that masterpiece,
Of the Divine reflective,
That we at the unveiling might,
Painstaking work quite done,
Of one portray a replica—
Her whom God sent His Son.

MARIAN A. QUEALY

Editorial

Agnes Fennelly, Editor-in-Chief

WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY WHEN THE balmy days of spring roll around, that further mention of it would have us balmy too. We could mention that a young man, plain or fancy, might possibly change that view. Since said young man, however, is just one of those things that made the good old days so good, we, being in a philosophical mood today, are trying our hardest to keep ourselves earthbound — in short, we're striving to be realists.

We wouldn't have to have the keenest sense of perception in the world to notice the lack of vitamin pills in evidence around the college. That's our own subtle way of saying that more than spring fever ails us all as a student body. Everybody recognizes the magic hidden in the last tones of the last bell ending the last class for the day, but they are few who realize that the tone of that bell covers a pretty narrow range. There's so much more to college life than mere attendance at classes. They're seldom the things that stand first in the average graduate's mind when she looks back on her four years. (You can see we're not under the teaching plan, else this would be high treason). It's the comradeship that is remembered, and the satisfaction gained from knowing they've been years well spent — in an intellectual way and in a way that has broadened us as individuals. By that, we mean that we have to learn to do things for ourselves, and through experience and a little guidance, find how to do things in the way which will be best for most concerned.

In case this isn't clear enough, we're referring to the many questions that have been circulating regarding the purpose, methods, work, and real use of the various committees which are doing such a really good, but so little appreciated job of caring for all the college functions which concern the undergraduates when they leave class. We've heard general remarks, some sincere and some sounding like the well-known sour grapes, but nevertheless managing to put across the idea that the undergrads want to be told more about these committees. Well, we said to ourselves, Loria will figuratively stick its neck out and try to oblige by answering the floods of questions which we've heard in hazy form. So, with our usual naive faith in the effect known as response to stimulus, we wrote us out a notice and put it on the bulletin board in the locker room, stating that we'd be glad to answer any questions which anyone might ask us.

The response was overwhelming and we say so in the strongest tone of sarcasm we can muster. After leaving the notice posted for a week, we decided that either a venetian blind had been placed in front of the board, or else that the undergrads were all wearing blinkers. This didn't manage to warp our personality, but it did show us that we were being pretty foolish to waste our time in the interests of a student body which just isn't interested.

We aren't going to waste pages too, explaining committees when we have no specific idea what the students want to know about them.

It may be smart to tear down existing institutions with pithy little remarks, but we're convinced there are very few who are sincerely and constructively critical, who are interested in the progress of the undergraduate body, and not primarily interested in their own comfort and advancement. We've reached the conclusion, and it isn't a happy one, that as undergrads we aren't willing to put ourselves out to go even halfway toward supporting and understanding our college set-up. We had even got to thinking that maybe some of our systems were all wrong, but we've changed our mind. It's not the student administrative system that has failed — no, not in the slightest. No group, regardless of type, can work at its best without the intelligent and sincere interest of its members.



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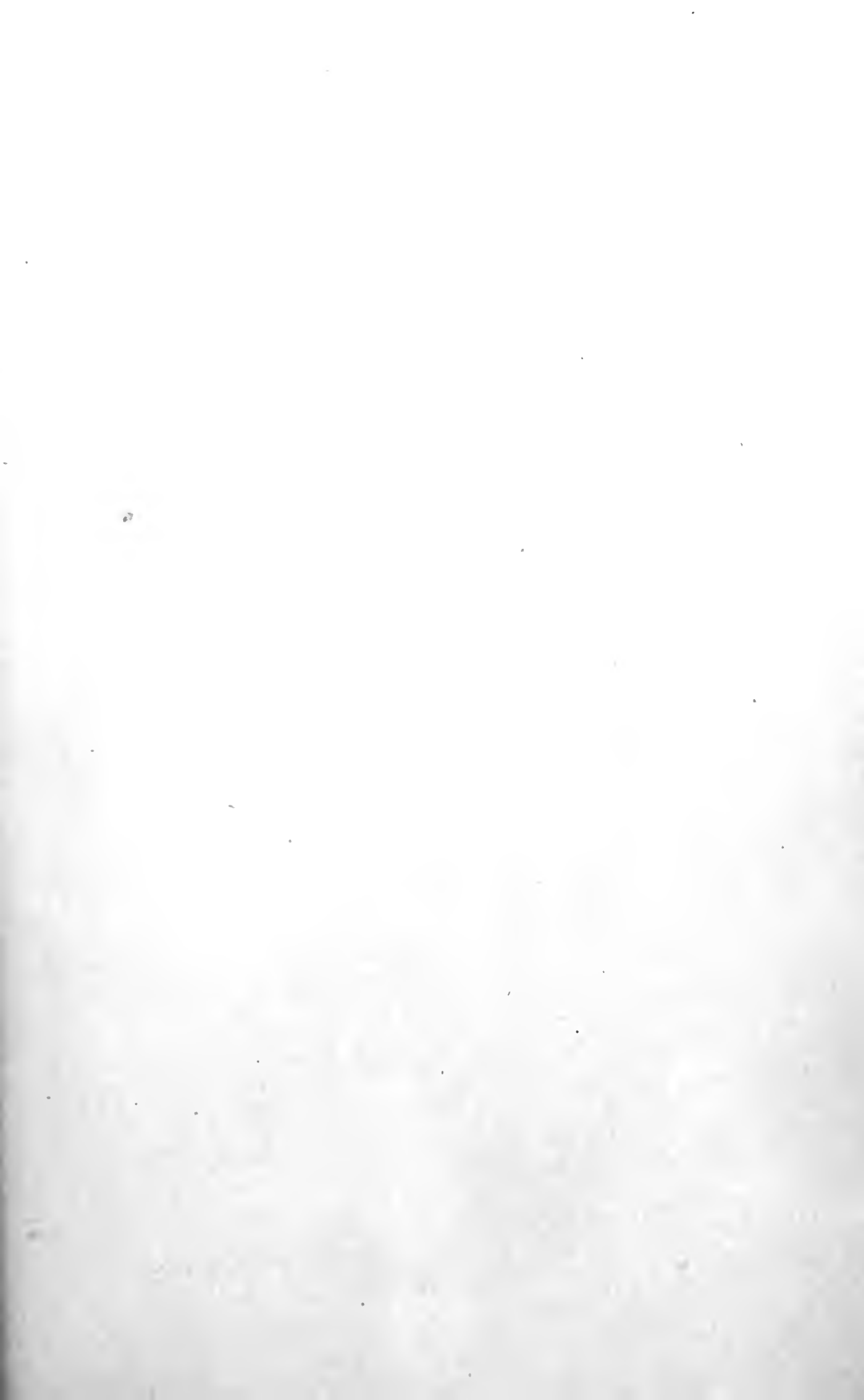
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